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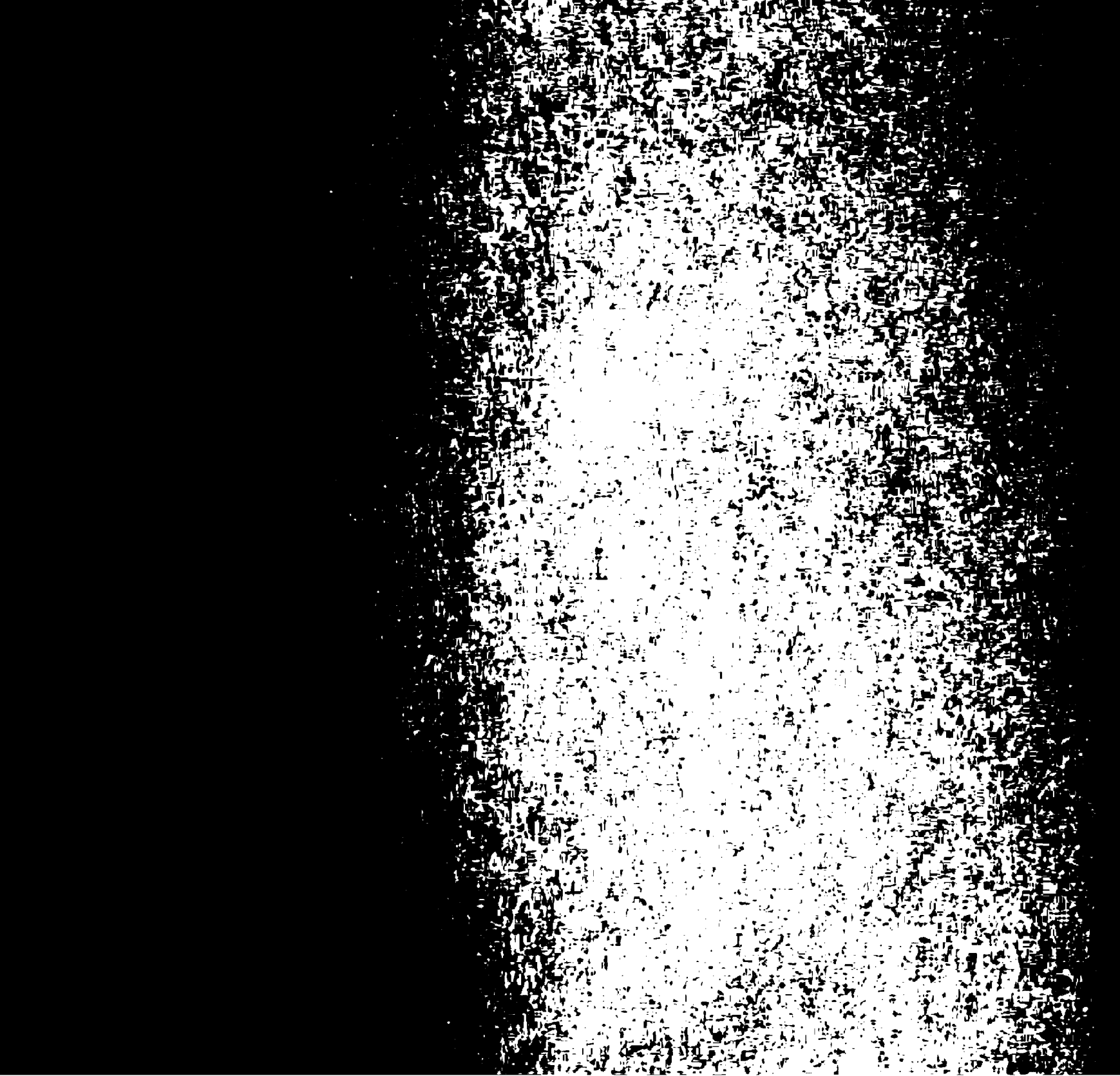
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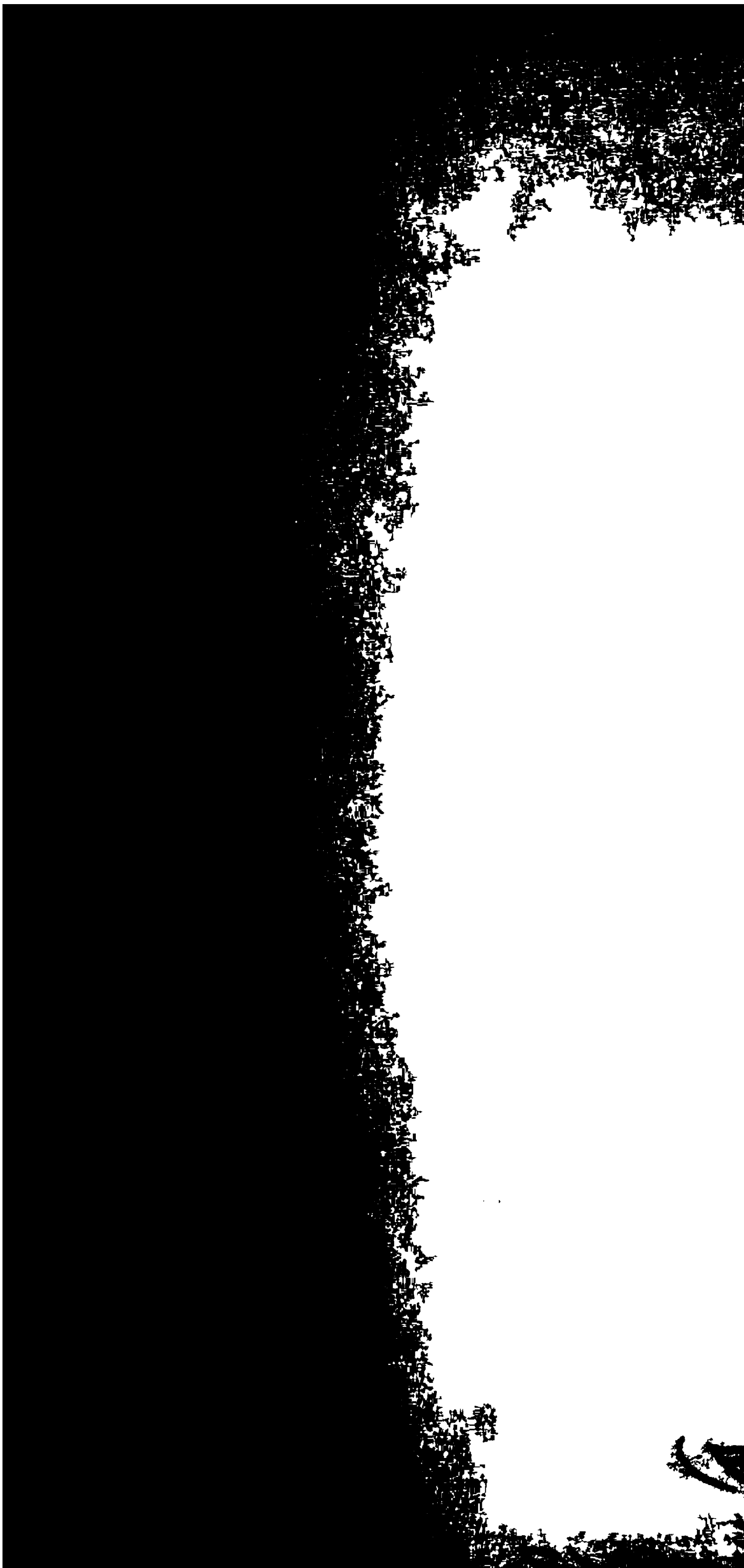
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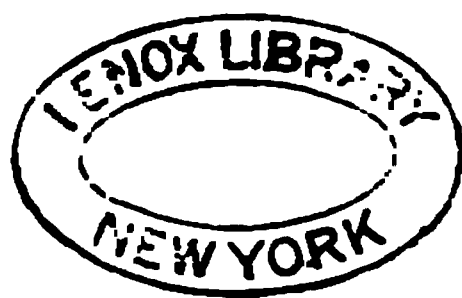
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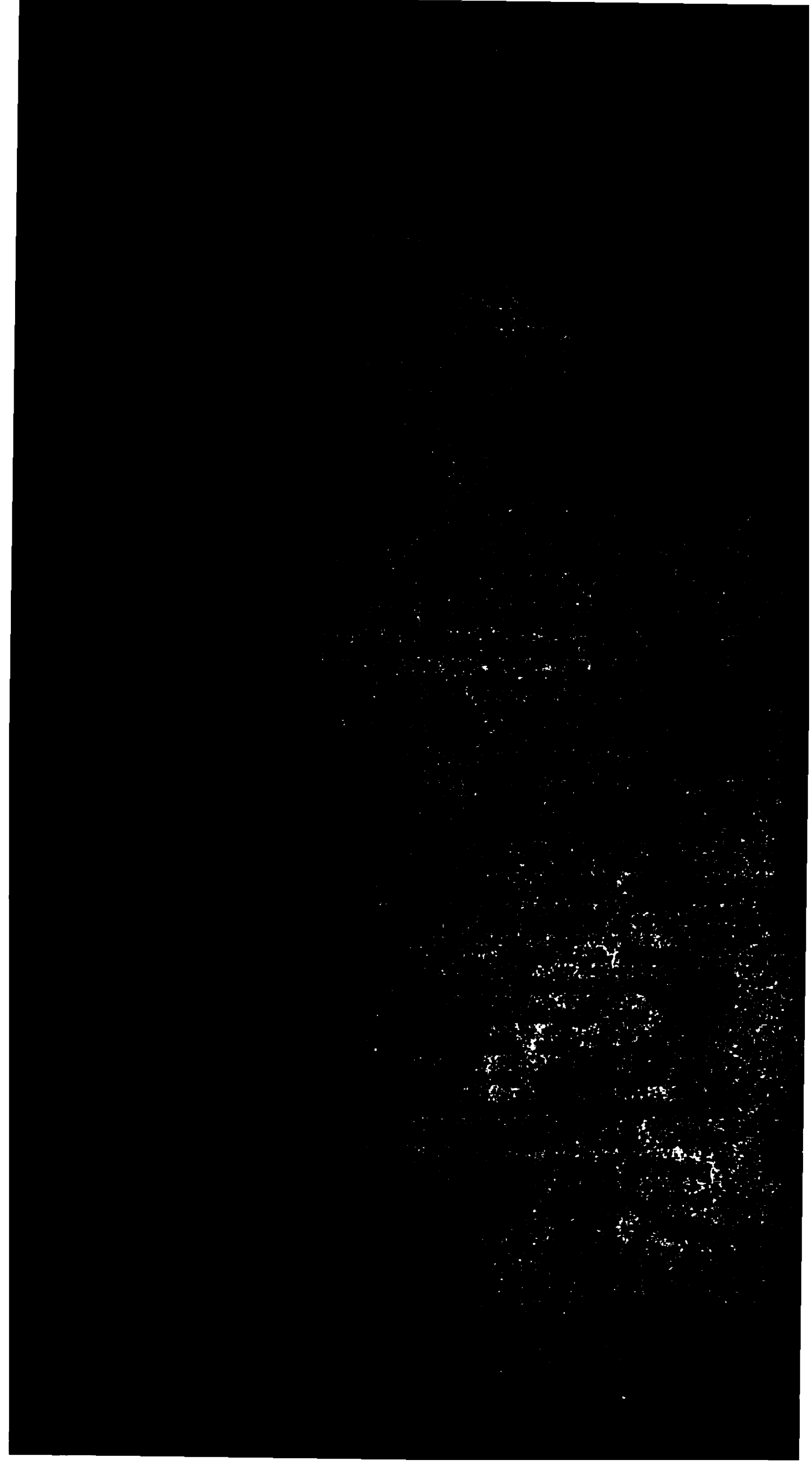
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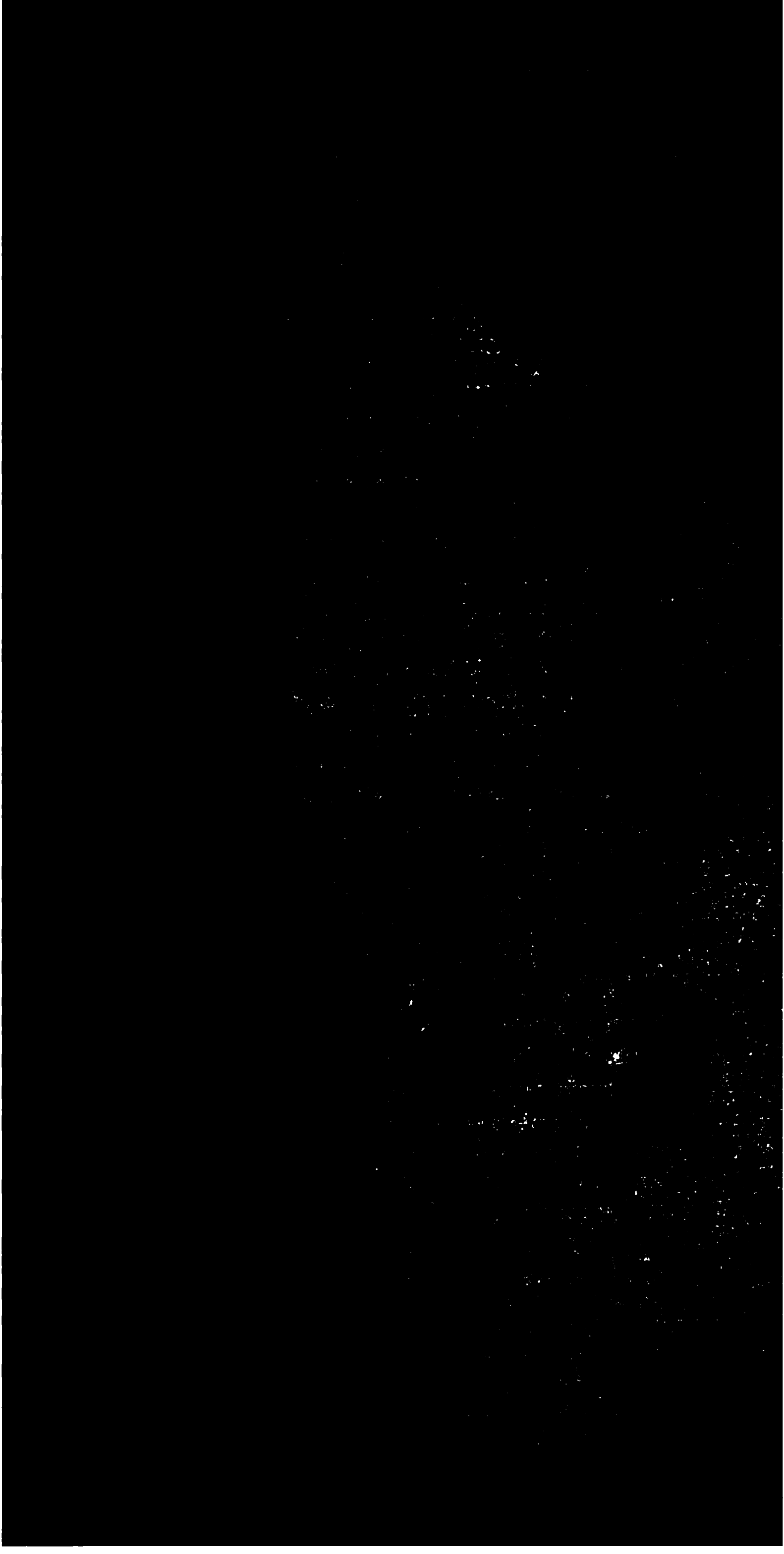
P R E F A C E

To the Quarto Edition of this Play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions or our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted than they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such flavored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stufte in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

PROLOGUE.



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part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be, Doth lesser¹ blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth, fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did, I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but—

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—

When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,

¹ *blench*—shrink.

8 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her : for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me ; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

[*Sound alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours ! peace, rude founds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument ;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me !
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar ;
And he's as ° teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?
Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :
Between ^p our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood ;
Ourself, the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Æneàs.*

Æne. How now, prince Troilus ? wherefore not afield ?

Troi. Because not there ; This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

° *teachy*]—touchy, peevish. ^p *our Ilium*]—*Priam's* palace.

Troi,

10 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Cre. Good ; And what of him ?

Serv. They say he is ' a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their
' particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish
as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into whom na-
ture hath so crowded humours, that his valour is " crushed
into folly, his folly fauced with discretion : there is no
man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor
any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it : he is
melancholy without cause, and merry against " the hair :
He hath the joints of every thing ; but every thing so out
of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no
use ; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry ?

Serv. They say, he yesterday " cop'd Hector in the
battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking,

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

¹ *a very man per se,*]—*a very A per se*—an extraordinary personage.

² *particular addition ;*]—distinguishing qualities,

³ *crushed*]—confused, mingled with, incorporated.

" *Crush him together*"—— CYMBELINE, Act I. S. 1. 1 *Gent.*

⁴ *the hair :*]—the grain. Vol. I. p. 206.

⁵ *cop'd*]—encountered.

Cre.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre.

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Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. *[Sound a retreat.]*

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan.

you, what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er
saw

mine honesty ; my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too ; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another !

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*] : I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.——

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize ;
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing ;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
¹ That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

¹ *That she*—That woman.

Therefore

To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With ⁿ due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the ^o reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk !
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between ^p the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by ^q the brize,
 Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

ⁿ *due observance of thy godlike seat,*]—deference to thy superior station.

^o *reproof*]—rebuffs. ^p *the two moist elements,*]—the sea and air.

^q *the brize,*]—the gad-fly.

“ *The brize upon her, like a cow in June.*”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act III. S. 8. *Scar.*

Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
 When rank Therfites opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.

* The specialty of rule hath been neglected ;
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

† When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected ? ‡ Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and § this center,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,

¶ Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order :
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,
 ¸ In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?
 What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?
 Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, horror,

* *The specialty of rule*]—The peculiar rights of sovereignty.

† *When that the general, &c.*]—When an army is not under a control similar to that of a hive of bees, and the commander's tent ceases to be the seat of public resort, for the benefit of the whole body.

‡ *Degree being vizarded,*]—Distinction of rank being destroyed.

§ *this center,*]—the earth, then thought the center of the universal system.

¶ *Insisture,*]—station.

¸ *In evil mixture,*]—Forming unfavourable conjunctions.

Follows the choaking.

And this neglect of degree it is,
That ^m by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb : The general's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
That next, by him beneath : so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and ⁿ bloodless emulation :

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks ^o scurril jests ;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He ^p pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy ^q topless deputation he puts on ;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich

^m *by a pace goes backward,*]—gradually depresses its immediate superior, with a view to advance itself.

ⁿ *bloodless*]—frigid, sluggish, malignant rivalry.

“worthless emulation.” HENRY IV. Part I. Act IV. S. 4. *Lacy.*

^o *scurril*]—low, mean.

^p *pageants*]—represents.

^q *topless deputation*]—sovereign character.

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Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 ' As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and ² bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Therfites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit ³ our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall pre-science, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know, ^b by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight;—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those, that with the ^c fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

¹ *As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.*]—As a fund for their absurd mimicry, for them to burlesque: *to make parodies.*

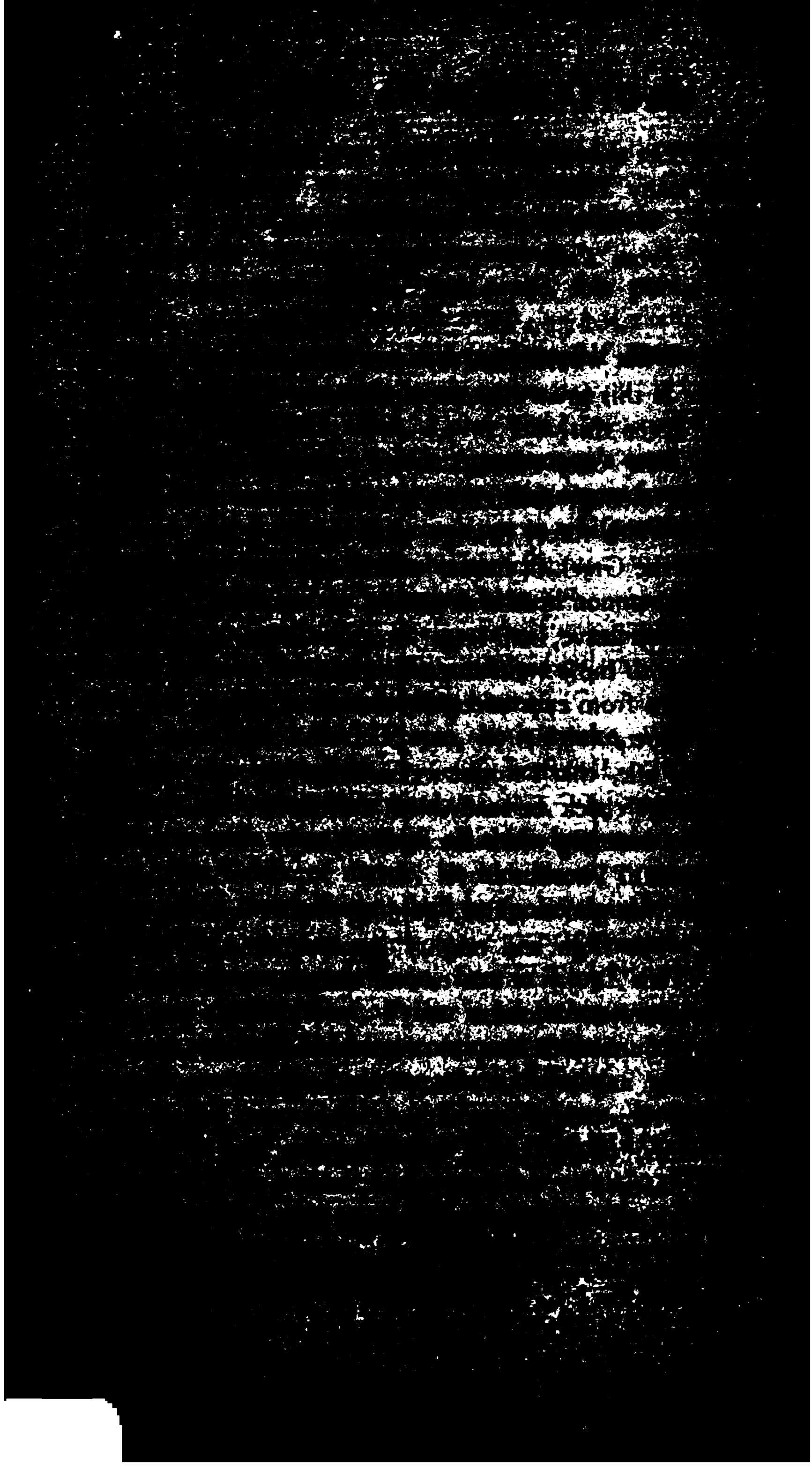
² *bears his head*]—holds it as high.

³ *our exposure, &c.*]—regardless of the immense danger to which such degrading representations may expose the common cause.

^b *by measure, &c.*]—by dint of unwearied observation.

^c *fineness of their souls*]—their ingenuity.

Nest.



As may be in the world : ¹ His youth in flood,
I'll ² pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand ;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent ;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Ulysses, and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,——

Nest. What says *Ulysses* ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,

¹ Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The ^m feeded pride

That hath to its maturity blown up

In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,

Or, shedding, breed a ⁿ nursery of like evil,

To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even ^o as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :

¹ *His youth in flood,*]—Though he be in the flush, or prime of youth.

² *pawn*]—maintain.

¹ *Be you my time*]—Do you supply time's place, and bring it to maturity.

^m *seeded*]—full blown and ready to feed.

ⁿ *nursery*]—a whole plantation, and over-run us with his growth.

^o *as substance,*]—as a large body, or quantity, made up of many minute particles, or ascertained by small characters, i. e. numerals.

And,

* To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, ^x limbs are in his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; What are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
^y In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
^z The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physick ^a the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, ^b that prouder than blue Iris bends.

* *To steel a strong opinion to themselves?*—To confirm his favourable opinion of his own prowess.

^x *limbs are in his instruments,*—his valour, and the weapons that it wields, are reciprocally efficacious.

^y *In taint*—To the prejudice.

^z *The sort*—The lot.

^a *the great Myrmidon,*—Achilles.

^b *that prouder than blue Iris bends.*—higher than the rainbow's arch.

If

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Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, can'st thou not hear?
Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel
beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou ^h vinied'st leaven, speak: I
will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but,
I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou
learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst
thou? ¹ a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st
me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, ^k porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee ¹ the
loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the
incurfions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achil-
les; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cer-
berus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that thou bark'st at
him.

Ajax. Mistress Therfites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

^k *beef-witted*]—half-witted. “I am a great eater of *beef*, and, I
believe, that does harm to my *wit*.”

TWELFTH NIGHT, Vol. II. p. 480. *Sir And.*

^h *vinied'st leaven*]—piece of mouldy dough—*unsalted*: *whinnid'st*
baven—most crooked faggot-stick.

¹ *a red murrain*]—“*The red plague* rid you.”

TEMPEST, Vol. I. p. 20. *Cal.*

^k *porcupine*,]—*porpentine*.

¹ *the loathsomest scab in Greece*.]—alluding to the *Elephantiasis*, or
Lepra Græcorum.

Ajax.

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Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. ^a Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what ^r modicums of wit he utters! his ^e evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones; I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Ther sites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary! no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

^a *Therefore*—For that saying. ^r *modicums*—small portions.

^e *evasions*—escapes, excursions of genius, flights of fancy.

Ther.

S C E N E II.

T R O Y.

*Priam's Palace.**Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
 Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
*Shall^u be struck off:—*Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
 As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
 Dread Priam,
 There is no lady of^w more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
 Than Hector is: ^x The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand^y dismes,
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,

^u *be struck off:*]—out of the account, shall pass unnoticed.

^w *more better.* TEMPEST, Vol. I. p. 7.

^x *The wound of peace*]—Upon the commencement of security peace receives a wound. ^y *dimes,*]—tenths.

Had

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Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is ^d inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
^c Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
^f To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw ^g in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, ^h for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,

^d *inclinable*]—*attributive*—attributes, does not find the qualities which it affects.

^c *Without some image*]—Unless the merit so affected have some foundation, be inherent in the object; without some shew of merit, whereon to ground affection.

^f *To blench from this,*]—To falsify our engagement.

^g *In unrespective sieve,*]—into the common voider; *unrespective place.*

^h *for an old aunt,*]—in exchange for *Hesione*, Priam's sister, carried off by Hercules, and given to *Telamon*, by whom she bore *Ajax*.

He

Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that maïs of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand !
 Our ^m fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :
 Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same ?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it ;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot ⁿ distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more ^o touch'd than all Priam's sons :
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as would offend ^p the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my ^q propension, and cut off

^m *fire-brand brother,*]—alluding to *Hecuba's* dream, when with child of *Paris*, that she was delivered of a *fire brand*, which was construed to forebode the destruction of *Troy* through his means.

ⁿ *distaste*]—impair.

^o *touch'd*]—affected.

^p *the weakest spleen*]—the most scrupulous delicacy.

^q *propension*]—inclination.

All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What ' propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone ' to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion ? can it be,
 That so degenerate ' a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hel. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;
 And on the cause and question now in hand

' *propugnation*]—defence.

' *a strain*]—a sentiment.

' *to pass*]—to sustain.

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Have " gloz'd, but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up " a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife-is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, " of partial indulgence
 To their " benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, " in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
 Were it not glory that we more affected

" gloz'd,]—commented. " a free]—impartial. " of]—through.
 " benumbed]—inflexible, obstinate.

" in way of truth:]—in point of strict justice; yet, when viewed as
 a question of honour, I concur with you that vote for keeping *Helen*.

Than

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see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, ^d it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Ther sites? Good Ther sites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd ^e a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, ^f Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let ^g thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

^d *it will not in circumvention*—it hath not skill enough to do such a feat—The powers of these *Greeks* lie all in their swords, not in their wits.

^e *a gilt counterfeit, &c.*—such a piece of base metal, thou hadst found a place in my late ejaculation.

^f *Thyself upon thyself!*—My utmost severity towards thee is comprized in this short imprecation, “remain only the dolt thou art.”

^g *thy blood*—thy passions.

Patr.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:—Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! ^k all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry ^l*serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He sent us messengers; and we ^m lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not ⁿ move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[To Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus ^o to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Therfites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

^k *all the argument*—the whole matter in controversy.

^l *serpigo*—tetter.

^m *lay by*—wave all ceremony.

ⁿ *move the question of our place,*—insist on our prerogative.

^o *to bay*—to bark.

Ulyss.

And ^c under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
 Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than himself,
 Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And ^u under-write in an observing kind
 His humourous predominance ; yea, watch
 His pettish ^w lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
^{*} The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
 That, if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report——
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
 A stirring dwarf we do ^y allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ^z second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself

A better man than I ?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you ^a subscribe his thought, and say—he is ?

Aga. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant,

^c *under-honest ; &c.*]—somewhat partial, assuming more consequence than justly belongs to him.

^u *under-write*]—obsequiously give way to his petulant humours.

^w *lunes,*]—freaks, fits of frenzy.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 235.

^{*} *The passage, &c.*]—the fate of this expedition depended entirely on his concurrence.

^y *allowance give*]—approve, prefer.

^z *second voice*]—an answer by proxy.

^a *subscribe*]—affirm.

And batters down himself: What should I say? -
He is 'so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.——

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own 'seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ^bruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must' not so ¹stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, ^kassubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; ¹he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll ^mpass him o'er the face.

¹ *so plaguy proud,*]—so deeply infected with the plague of pride, that the spots declare him incurable.

² *seam;*]—fat, grease.

^b *ruminate*]—dwell upon.

¹ *stale*]—debase, vilify.

^k *assubjugate*]—so far reduce, stoop below his character.

¹ *he rubs the vein of him.*]—tickles *Ajax*.

^m *pass*]—strike, smite.

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Serv. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business 'seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris, and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

'seeths']—is urgent, piping hot.

Helen.

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Pan. What says my sweet queen ; my very very sweet queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand ? where sups he to-night ?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen ? You must not know where he sups.

Helen. I'll lay my life, ' with my deposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide ; come, your deposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida ? no, your poor deposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy ! what do you spy ?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen,

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He ! no, she'll none of him ; they two are twain—My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, ' may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this ; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may—

' With my deposer Cressida.]—Helen calls Cressida her deposer, because she had supplanted her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus in a preceding scene declares she loved better than Paris.——Par.—with my deposer—the lady, who holds me at her disposal.

' may make them three.]—may produce a third.

Helen.

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Helen. He hangs the lip at something ;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*]

Par. They are come from field : let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris ;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' Garden.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus' Man.

Pan. How now ? where's thy master ? at my cousin Cressida's ?

Serv. No, sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now ?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan,

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Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom :
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
And all my powers ^a do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now : swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must ^a be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways ; an you draw backward, we'll put you ^b i'the files.—Why do not you speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner: So, so ; rub on, and kiss ^c the mistress. How now, a kiss ^d in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. ^e The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river : go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds : but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in ; I'll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarus.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

^a *do their bestowing lose,*]—are suspended, desert me.

^b *be watch'd*]—kept awake—" as we *watch* these kites."

TAMING OF THE SHREW, Vol. II. p. 334. *Pet.*

^c *i'the files.*]—in the middle ranks, where they place cowards.

^d *the mistress*]—the jack at bowls.

^e *in fee-farm!*]—never ending.

^f *The falcon as the tercel,*]—I'll back the *falcon* against the *tercel*; I'll wager that *Cressida* is a match for *Troilus*.

Troi.

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his birth; and, being born, ^z his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be ^a a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: ^b they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much

^z *his addition shall be humble.*]—we'll give him no pompous titles.

^a *a mock for*]—but a groundless attack upon, a mere mockery of his truth; shall not be able to impeach it.

^b *they are burrs,*]—“I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Vol. I. p. 346. *Lucio.*

But

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
 ' Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
 Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you)
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
 To keep her constancy ^d in plight and youth,
 Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
 That doth ^e renew swifter than blood decays !
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might ^f be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
 How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than ^g the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most right !
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similes of truth, tir'd ^h with iteration,——
 As true ⁱ as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

^c *And then you.* ^d *in plight and youth,*]—plighted in her youth.

^e *renew swifter than blood decays !*]—its attachment faster than appetite weakens it.

^f *be affronted*]—be met and equalled.

^g *the infancy of truth.*]—ere it had learnt worldly policy.

^h *with iteration,*]—with repeating the following vouchers.

ⁱ *as steel, as plantage to the moon,*]—as the mirror, which reflects faithfully every object that is placed before—the next words allude to the moon's supposed influence on the production and growth of plants, &c.

and a bed ; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, prels it to death : away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer !

[*Exeunt.*]

S. C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
° The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. ° Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain and posselt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made ° tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

° *The advantage of the time*]—The present opportunity.

° *Appear it to your mind, &c.*]—Reflect, I pray you, that through my skill in divination, I have been induced to leave *Troy* to its fate, and, from the moment of my flight, have dedicated all my services to your interest.

° *tame*]—domestic.

Cal.

Why 'such unplaufive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him :
 If fo, I have derifion med'cinable,
 To ufe between your ftrangenefs and his pride,
 Which his own will fhall have defire to drink ;
 It may do good : pride hath no other glafs
 To fhew itfelf, but pride ; for fupple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpofe, and put on
 A form of ftrangenefs as we pafs along ;——
 So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
 Or elfe difdainfully, which fhall shake him more
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to fpeak with me ?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainft Troy.

Aga. What fays Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

Achil. What, does the cuckold fcorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean thefe fellows ? know they not
 Achilles ?

Patr. They pafs by ftrangely : they were us'd to bend,
 To fend their fmiles before them to Achilles ;

'such unplaufive eyes are bent,]—fuch looks of difapprobation are
 put on,

To

Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses,
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others eyes : ^x nor doth the eye itself,
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
^y For speculation turns not to itself,
^z Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not ^z strain at the position,
It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
Who, ^a in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting)
^y Till he communicate his parts to others :
Nor does he of himself know them for aught
^z Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are ^b extended ; which, like an arch, rever-
berates

The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately
^c The unknown Ajax.

^x *nor doth the eye itself*]—" *the eye sees not itself.*"

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act I. S. 2. *Bru.*

^y *For speculation, &c.*]—For the sight conveys no knowledge of itself, till it meets with an object that reflects it.

^z *strain at*]—lay much stress upon.

^a *in his circumstance,*]—in the course of his argument.

^b *extended ;*]—exhibited in their just proportions.

CYMBELINE, Act I. S. 1. *1 Gent.*—Act I. S. 5. *Iach.*

^c *The unknown Ajax.*]—whose powers have not been hitherto brought to light.

Heavens,

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 there are,
 Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow
 ‘ An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
 Ajax renown’d. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do !
 How some men ‘ creep in skittish fortune’s hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes !
 ‘ How one man eats into another’s pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness !
 To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector’s breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Acbil. I do believe it : for they pass’d by me,
 As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look : What are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-siz’d monster of ingratitude :
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour’d
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty ^s mail

^a *An act*]—By an act.

^c *creep, &c.*]—skulk, secrete themselves from fortune’s notice, whilst others, though they only play the ideot, keep constantly in the way of her favours.

^f *How one man eats, &c.*]—What advantages doth the active man derive from the opportunities, which the indolence of pride neglects—*fasting, &c.* while the slave of pride impolitickly abstains from the field.

^s *mail*]—suit of armour.

74 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes a breast: keep then the path:
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue; If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;
 Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er run and trampled on: Then what they do in pre-
 sent,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arm out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world ^h kin,——
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than ⁱ gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,

^h kin]—alike.

ⁱ gilt o'er-dusted.]—gold much tarnished.

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak ;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man

In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;

They think, my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you thus :

Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;

My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :

Omission to do what is necessary

^a Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Therites hither, sweet Patroclus :

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,

To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;

^a *Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;*]—Enables that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold on us—Exposes us to unknown dangers.

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour fav'd!

Enter Therites.

Ther. A wonder!

Acbil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Acbil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Acbil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip¹ with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in his head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Acbil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see² the pageant of Ajax.

¹ *With a politic regard,*—with an arch leer.

² *the pageant*—the figure, the representation.

Acbil.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make 'catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

'catlings]—fiddle-strings.

Achil.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
 Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long, health :
 But when contention and occasion meet,
 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
 With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
 * With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
 Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,
 Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
 No man alive can love, in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize :——Jove, let Æneas live,
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 A thousand complete courses of the sun !
 But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
 With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
 The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.——
 What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know
 not.

Par. * His purpose meets you ; 'Twas to bring this
 Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him
 For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
 Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
 Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
 (Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,

* *With his face backward.*]—Fighting as he retreats.

* *His purpose meets you ;*]—I bear you his orders.

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A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,——
We'll not ^d commend what we intend ^d to sell.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' House.

Enter Troilus, and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down ;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not ;
To bed, to bed : Sleep ^e kill those pretty eyes,
^f And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought !

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me ?

Troi. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

^d condemn——not sell.

^e kill]—close.

^f And give as soft attachment to]—and seize as softly on.

Troi.

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Troi. Beshrew the witch! with ^s venomous wights she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one
up.

Pan. [*within*] What! all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wench! a poor ^b capocchia!
—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'
the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

^s *venomous wights*]—mortals visited with pain.

^b *capocchia!*]—wretch—fool.

84 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Troi. Ha! ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [*Knock.*
[*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him! It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither; Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is ¹ so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,

¹ *so rash*—sudden.

Ere

86 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father,
and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be
his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falshood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with fobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Before Pandarus' House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diomedes, &c.

Par. 'Tis great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;

! *It is great morning;*]—The morn is far advanced.

And

And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar ; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit Troi.

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
Please you, walk in, my lord. [Exeunt,

S C E N E IV,

An Apartment in Pandarus' House.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it : How can I moderate it ?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief :
My love admits no qualifying drops ;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks !

Cre. O Troilus ! Troilus !

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too : O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—————o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigb'st thou without breaking ?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

^a *violenteth*]—acts as forcibly.

88 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee ° in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my ° fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me,

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd ° embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how;
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and ° consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd; Some say, the Genius so

° in so strain'd a purity,]—to such an excess. ° fancy,]—passion.
° embrasures,]—embraces. ° consign'd]—sealed.

Cries,

Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
 And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
 How novelties may move, and parts with person,
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
 (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
 Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
 So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
 Nor * heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
 But I can tell, that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discourive devil,
 That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted,

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas [within.] Nay, good my lord,—

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris [within.] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
 And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you,

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 While others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch y mere simplicity;

* *heel the high lavolt,*]—dance and caper.

y *mere simplicity;*]—a plain simple approbation, the humble palm of plain integrity.

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus :
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust : And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes. Sound trumpet.*
Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : Come, come, to field with
him ;
Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V,

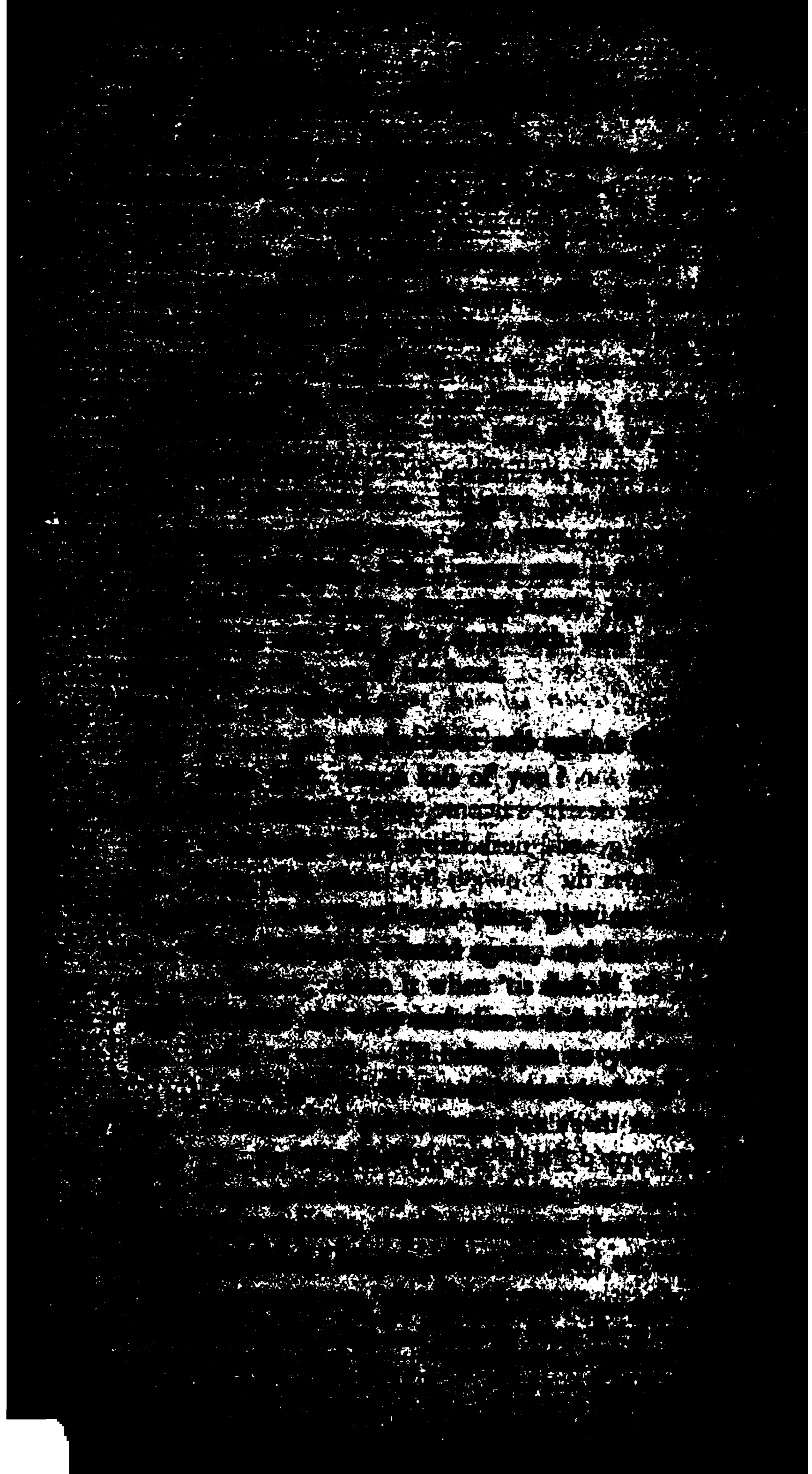
The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.

Aga. Here art thou ' in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

' in appointment, &c.]—in thy accoutrements—ambitious of getting
the start of thy challenger.

Thou



¹ That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For ^a fluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Ag. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Æneas, Troilus, &c. with attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done
to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be ^a known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Ag. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Acbil. 'Tis done like Hector; but ^o securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Acbil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride ^p excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,

¹ *That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,*]—That, like ships, salute
in passing, by putting out their colours, before they can come to the
speech of each other.

^a *fluttish spoils of opportunity,*]—the easy victims of every favourable
opportunity. ^a *known?*]—declared.

^o *securely*]—in the wantonness of security.

^p *excel themselves, &c.*]—exceed their common degrees—he hath at
once the greatest possible valour, and the least imaginable pride.

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This Ajax is ¹ half made of Hector's blood;
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight; half Trojan, and half Greek.

Acbil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and ² deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an ³ impair thought with breath:
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ⁴ subscribes
 To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more ⁵ vindicative than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

¹ *half made of Hector's blood;*]—being the son of his aunt *Hesione*.

² *deedless in his tongue;*]—no boaster.

³ *an impair*]—an unbecoming, unfitting.

⁴ *subscribes*]—yields to compassion. ⁵ *vindicative*]—revengeful.

Even to his inches, and, * with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax!

[*Trumpets cease.*

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

*Bounds in my father's; by Jove * multipotent,*

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :—

Cousin, all honour to thee !

* *with private soul,*]—in confidence, gave me this character of him.

" *translated her will.*" MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 180.

* *multipotent,*]—mighty.

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not ' Neoptolemus' *fire* so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with 'her loud'st O yes
 Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ;
 The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As feld I have the chance) I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great Achilles
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
 And signify this loving interview
 To ² the expecters of our Trojan part ;
 Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
 But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy ;
 But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
 And formless ruin of oblivion ;
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

¹ *Neoptolemus*]—*Achilles*, the wond'rous fire of *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus*.

² *the expecters*]—the party that await us, our attendants.

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
 From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To Troilus.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
 Mock not, that I affect the ^a untraded oath;
 Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Despising many ^b forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declined;
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestler: This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;

^a *untraded*]—unfashionable.

^b *forfeits and subduements,*]—things forfeited and subdued.

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would, they could.

Nest. Ha ! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time——

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :

After

After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses ; ' Thou !—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And ' quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eyes ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question : ' Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;

^c *Though.*

^d *quoted*]—examined, observed.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VENICE, Vol. I. p. 110.

HAMLET, Act. II. S. 1. Pol.

^e *Stand again :*]—to view.

But, by the forge ^f that stithy'd Mars his helm,
 I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
 His insolence draws folly from my lips;
 But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
 Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
 'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
 You may have every day enough of Hector,
 If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
^s Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
 We have had ^b pelting wars, since you refus'd
 The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
 To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
 To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
 There ¹ in the full convive we: afterwards,
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
 Concur together, severally ^k intreat him.—
 Beat loud ^l the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
 That this great soldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus, and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

^f that stithy'd Mars his helm,]—wherein it was formed upon the anvil.

^s Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.]—Will hardly be able to prevail on you to engage with him.

^b pelting wars,]—petty skirmishes only.

¹ in the full convive we:]—let us feast liberally.

^k intreat]—invite.

^l the tabourines,]—the drums.

Ulyss.

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. ^a The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male ^o varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd ^p fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous ^q discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, ' you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of ^r sleive silk, thou green farcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. ^s Out, gall!

^a *The surgeon's box,*]—quibbling on the word *tent*.

^o *barlet*.

^p *fee simple*]—perpetual possession.

^q *discoveries!*]—inventions.

^r *you ruinous butt;*]—shapeless mass of discordant materials, confusedly run one into another.

^s *sleive*]—tangled, ravelled; raw, unwrought.

^s *Out, gall!*]—*Nut-gall*—bitter lump.

Ther.

Ther. ' Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and " 'gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My " major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Therites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these
two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too
little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's
Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that
loves " quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-
wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there,
his brother, the bull,—^y the primitive statue, and oblique
memorial of cuckolds; ^z a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain,
hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he
is, should wit larded with malice, and malice ^a forced with
wit, turn him? To an afs, were nothing; he is both afs and
ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and afs. ^b To
be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an
owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not
care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against

¹ *Finch egg!*]—Singing bird in embryo.

² *'gaging me*]—holding me engaged.

³ *major vow*]—prior, superior obligation.

⁴ *quails;*]—the wenches.

⁵ *the primitive statue, and oblique memorial*]—the principal representative, and figurative monument—*antique memorial*.

⁶ *a thrifty shoeing-horn*]—a person, whom his brother frugally uses as his shoeing-horn, makes a mere tool of.

⁷ *forced*]—stuffed, *farced*.

⁸ *To be*]—Were I to be.

destiny.

106 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not
Thersites; for I care not ^c to be the louse of ^{*} a lazer, so
I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! ^d spirits, and fires!

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor,
and Diomed, with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis.

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all,

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to
those

That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night. *[Exeunt Agam. and Menel.]*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

^e The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

^c to be]—if I were to be.

^{*} a lazer,]—a leper.

^d spirits, and fires!]—On seeing the company advance with torches.

^e The tide whereof is now.]—"There is a tide," &c.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act IV. S. 3. *Bru.*

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent;
I'll keep you company. [To Troilus.

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hec. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt severally,

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, 'like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather 'leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak,

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus, and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge!

¹ *Brabler the hound;*]—that gives his tongue upon a false scent.

“*Brabbling curs never want sore ears.*” Proverb.

² *leave to see*]—lose the sight of.

Cre.

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark,
A word with you.

[*Whispers.*

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. ^b She will sing any man at first sight.

Tber. And any man

May sing her, if he can take her ¹ cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. Lift!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Tber. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell thee what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.——

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Tber. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

^b *She will sing any man at first sight.*]—She is very quick at forming new acquaintances.
¹ *her cliff;*]—her key, pitch.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off :

² You flow to great distraction : come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth.

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho ! pho ! adieu ; you ¹ palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

² *You flow to great distraction :*]—Your passion will hurry you to the height of madness—*destruction*—will involve you in the extremity of hazard.

¹ *palter.*]—shuffle.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall
not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. " By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is
not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

* By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, and by herself,]—By all yon
flarry host, and by the moon.

Iber.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : ° but that that likes not me,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ? the hour ?

Cre. Ay, come :——O Jove !——
Do, come :—I shall ^p be plagu'd.

Dio. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;
But with the other eye my heart doth see.—
Ah ! poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind :
What error leads, must err ; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears ;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot ^q conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

° *but that that likes not me,*—but that mischief, though naturally odious, is my supreme delight.

^p *be plagu'd.*—suffer severely for my infidelity.

^q *conjure,*—raise a spirit in her shape.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd ' for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Tber. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be ' rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O ' madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

' *for womanhood!*]—the sake of the sex.

' *rule in unity itself,*]—certainty that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

' *madness of discourse, &c.*]—extravagant course of reasoning, where
in the arguments reciprocally support and confute each other; where
reason can be irrational and still reason, and madness rational and
still madness; and probability appears on both sides of the assertion,
that this is, and is not *Cressida*. This is a contradiction, which I can-
not reconcile, that my union with *Cressida*, a thing, which I deemed
indissoluble, should be so extensively divided, and yet with such sub-
tlety, that the immense separation should escape discernment.

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;

And with another knot, " five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her " o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. " May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man " fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful " spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. " He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

" *five-finger-tied,*]—by giving her hand to *Diomed*.

" *o'er-eaten faith,*]—vows already plighted—the faithless are said to eat their words.

" *May worthy Troilus*]—Can *Troilus* feel half he utters.

" *fancy*]—love.

" *spout,*]—the water spout shall not fall with more noise and violence into the ocean, than shall the blow, aimed by my vengeance, light on *Diomed*.

" *He'll tickle it for his concupy.*]—He'll pay him off for his gallantry.

Let

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear ^b a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond,
than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still,
wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning
devil take them! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

The Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

^b *a castle*—a close helmet of uncommon proof.

Hect. You 'train me to offend you ; get you in :
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent :
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
' Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O ! be persuaded : Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
' For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. ' It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow ;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold :
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps ^s the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the ^h dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

^c train me]—provoke me.

^d Have nothing seen.

^e For we would give, &c.]—To steal in order to seem liberal.

^f It is the purpose, &c.]—The essence of a lawful vow is the lawfulness of its object, and 'tis that alone can make it binding.

^g the weather]—the upper hand.

^h dear man]—valuable, man of worth.

Enter

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]

HeA. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

HeA. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

HeA. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HeA. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, 'rein them from ruth.

HeA. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

HeA. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

rein them from ruth.]—check, withhold them from pity.

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Their eyes o'er-gall'd with ^k recourse of tears ;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hecl. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hecl. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not ^l shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hecl. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.]

Troi This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

^k *recourse of tears ;*]—tears chasing one another down the face.
^l *shame respect ;*]—appear disrespectful.

Cas.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.

Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!

How poor Andromache^a shrills her dolours forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,

^a Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell. Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. *[Exit.*

HeB. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: The gods with safety stand about
thee! *[Exit Priam. Alarums.*

Troi. They are at it! hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

S C E N E IV.

Between Troy and the Camp.

[Alarum.] Enter Therfites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty^o sneering rascals,—that stale

^a *shrills*—pours forth shrilly.

^o *Like witless anticks,*—As in some wild pageant. ^o *swearing.*

old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; 'and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mungril cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin ^p to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomed, and Troilus.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Stryx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care,
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

[They go off fighting.]

Tber. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Tber. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee;—live. *[Exit.]*

Tber. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

^p *to proclaim barbarism,*—to betray symptoms of, to discover a tendency to barbarism, and seem to disclaim all sound policy.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Di. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: ' bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving ' his beam,
Upon the ' pashed corpes of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediús: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful ' Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:

' *bastard Margarelon*—This base born son of Priam, &c. are mentioned in "*The Three Destructions of Troy.*"

' *his beam*—his spear like one.

' *pashed*—smitten.

' *Sagittary*—An animal half man half horse, armed with a bow and quiver,

Now

Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like " scaled sculls
 Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
 And there the " strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he wills, he does ; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
 Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled " Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd, come to
 him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax.—Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! *[Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. *[Exeunt.*

" *scaled sculls*]—a shoal of herrings.

" *strawy*]—resembling straw—*straying*—scattered.

" *Myrmidons*]—The soldiers of *Achilles*.

Enter

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-' queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Enter Diomed.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Troi. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there!

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you ² cogging Greeks; have at you
both.

[Exeunt, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!

¹ *queller*—killer.

² *cogging*—false, deceitful.

Enter

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee : Ha !—Have at thee, Hector.

Heet. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use :
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Heet. Fare thee well :—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother ?

Re-enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; Shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off :—Fate, hear me what I say !
'I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Heet. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a goodly mark :—
No ? wilt thou not ?—I like thy armour well ;
'I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it :—Wilt thou not, beast, abide ?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons ;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel :

[I reckon not.]—I care not. 'I'll crush it,']—break, or tear it to pieces.
Strike

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 'Empale him with your weapons round about;
 In fellest manner 'execute your arms.
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
 It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

The same.

Enter Therfites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it:
 Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my
 'double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has
 the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a
 bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bas-
 tard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear
 will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard?
 Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son
 of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Fare-
 well, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.

'Empale]—Encircle.

'execute your arms.]—use, employ them—your aims—purposes,
 what I have now given you in charge.

'double hen'd']—whose *hen*, *Helen*, belonged to two.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

*Another Part of the Field.**Enter Hector.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Acbil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
 Even with 'the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Acbil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Acbil. ^a The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
 And, ^b stickler-like, the armies separates.
 My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

^a *the vail*]—the sinking, the setting.

^b *The dragon wing of night*]—The chariot of *Night* was supposed to be drawn by *dragons*, on account of their extraordinary watchfulness. The whole *serpent tribe* sleep with their eyes open, and thereby seem to exert a constant vigilance.

“ Swift, swift, you dragons of the night.”

CYMBELINE, Act II. S. 2. *Iach.*

^b *stickler-like,*]—like a second, or sidesman.

Come,

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.
Sound retreat. Shout.

S C E N E X.

The same.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and
 the rest, marching.*

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Æneas, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—

Frown

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Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and ¹ smite at Troy,
I say, at once! let your ² brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make ¹ wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, ³ great-fiz'd
coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now? [*Exeunt Æneas, &c.*]

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

¹ smile.

² brief]—sudden, instantaneous.

¹ wells and]—welland—weeping. ³ great-fiz'd coward!]—Achilles.

Troi.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whorson ptifick, a whorson rascally ptifick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were 'curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; *[Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But ° edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, ° broker-lacquey!—ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! *[Exit.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—

Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!

O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,

'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:

° *curst*—bewitched.

° *broker-lacquey*.

° *edifies*—more substantially entertains.

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
 It should be now, but that my fear is this—
 ' Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :
 'Till then, ' I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
 And, at that time, bequeath you—my diseases. [*Exit.*]

^a *Some galled goose of Winchester*]—Some angry lecher, or strumpet—
 The public stews were formerly within the jurisdiction of the *bishop*
of that diocese.

^b *I'll sweat,*]—be sweated.

C Y M B E L I N E.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman married to the Princess.

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } disguised under the Names of POLYDORE and
ARVIRAGUS, } CADWAL, supposed Sons to BELARIUS.

PHILARIO, an Italian, Friend to POSTHUMUS.

IACHIMO, Friend to PHILARIO.

CAIUS LUCIUS, Ambassador from Rome.

PISANIO, Servant to POSTHUMUS.

A French Gentleman.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to CYMBELINE.

IMOGEN, Daughter to CYMBELINE by a former Queen.

HELEN, Woman to IMOGEN.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—sometimes in BRITAIN ; sometimes in ITALY.

. THIS PLAY was probably written in the year 1604, part of the fable being founded on a tract entitled "WESTWARD FOR SMELTS," published in 1603, and most of the historical incidents taken from HOLINSHED, and the rest of our Chroniclers.

CYMBELINE.

C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: ^a our
bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath ^b referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too; so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

^a *our bloods, &c.*]—our dispositions, and of consequence our countenances, which are said to depend on the state of the blood, are no more under the control of the celestial influences, than those of our courtiers, but are alike regulated by that of the king.

^b *referr'd herself*]—betaken herself for protection.

Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* ° You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* ° I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o'the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand : for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe

° *You speak him far.*]—You are lavish in his commendation.

° *I do extend him, &c.*]—I give you his proportions far short of
what he is, and rather describe him in the gross, than aim at a distinct
detail of his various perfections.—“ Where they are *extended*.”

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Vol. III. p. 72. *Ulyss.*

To

To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
 Puts to him all the learning that his time
 Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and
 In his spring became a harvest : Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd :
 A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,
 ' A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd,—^f her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !
 So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,

^c *A glass that feated them ;]*—*featur'd*—formed, served as a model,
 or mirror, whereby to adjust their external appearance.

" He was indeed *the glass*," &c.

HENRY IV. Part II. Act II. S. 3. *L. Percy.*

" *The glass of fashion*," &c. HAMLET, Act III. S. 1. *Opb.*

^f *her own price]*—the bestowing her precious self upon him.

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(['] Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,

(['] Always reserv'd my holy duty)—(As far as I may say it without
breach of duty.)

But

But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him

[*Aside.*

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.

[*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ' fear up my embracements from a next

† *far*—close,

With

With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*]

While sense can keep in on! And sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles

I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;

It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*]

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods!—

When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court

With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st; Away!

Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest

¹ A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation; I

Am senseless of your wrath; ² a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

¹ Years, ages on me.

² a touch more rare]—a more exquisite sensation, a nobler passion.

TEMPEST, Vol. I. p. 70. *Pro.*

“with more urgent touches.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act I. S. 2. *Ant.*

Cym.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid ¹ a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my
throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
² Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!
They were again together: you have done

[To the queen.]

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:— Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

¹ *a puttock.*—a kite.

² *Almost the sum he pays.*—By almost every pang he feels on my account.

Cym.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly !

[*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie !—you must give way :
Here is your servant.—How now, sir ? What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !——
I would they were in Africk both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven : left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me :

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard ;
For this time, leave me,

[*Excunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you ^areek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it——
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[Aside.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-side the town.

[Aside.

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[Aside.

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!

[Aside.

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[Aside.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

[Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her

^a reek]—smoke.

brain

brain ° go not together : ° She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber : 'Would there had been some hurt done !

2 Lord. I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clot. You'll go with us ?

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, ° 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, bis queen !*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kifs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !—
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

° go not together :]—are not equal.

° She's a good sign,]—She has a specious appearance, but no wit.

° 'twere a paper lost as offer'd mercy is.]—as valuable to me as that which contained a criminal's pardon.

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; 'till ' the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next ' vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
' To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which " I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

' *the diminution of space*]—occasioned by the distance between us.

' *vantage*]—opportunity.

' *To encounter me with orisons,*]—To keep time with me in his prayers.

' *I had set*]—I should have set, like a jewel between two sparks.

And,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 ' Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
 I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

R O M E.

An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then ^v of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been ^x tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which ^y makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,

^v *Shakes all our buds from growing.*—Destroys the hoped-for harvest of our loves—*Shuts all, &c. from blowing.*

“ as whirlwinds shake fair buds.”

TAMING OF THE SHREW, Vol. II. p. 362.

POEMS, p. 594.

^w *of a crescent note;*—rising into fame.

^x *tabled*—inscribed on a table.

^y *makes him*—forms, accomplishes him.

(wherein

(wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) ^a words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, ^a under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Pbil. His father and I were soldiers together: to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your ^b knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we ^c have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did ^d atone my countryman and you;—it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon ^e importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

^a words him,]—causes the representation of him to vary widely from the truth.

^a under her colours,]—from their attachment to her, contributes greatly to set him off, to enhance his reputation.

^b knowing,]—good breeding.

^c have known together]—were acquainted.

^d atone]—reconcile,

^e importance]—a matter.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; 'rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have ² confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Isab. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, ^a without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, ¹ (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, ^k constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Isab. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Isab. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; ¹ though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

¹ *rather shunn'd*]—avoided conducting myself by the advice of others, than suffered their experience to be my guide.

² *confounded*]—despatched, destroyed.

^a *without contradiction, suffer the report.*]—undoubtedly be as publickly told.

¹ *(and upon warrant of bloody affirmation)*—and declared himself ready to shed his blood in support of his assertion.

^k *constant-qualified, and less attemptible,*]—endued with constancy, and less liable to be seduced.

¹ *though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.*]—though I should disclaim all title to her friendship, and rank myself only among her distant admirers—*her friend, not her adorer.*

Isab.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, "I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to "convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Pbil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I

I could not believe she excelled many:]—I could yet believe there were many whom she did not excel.—I could believe—I could but—I could not but believe.
"convince]—overcome.

thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are ° a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the ° approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wager against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

° a great deal abus'd]—grossly deceived.

° approbation]—proof.

Iach.

Jacb. You are ^a a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Jacb. I am the master of my speeches; and would ^r undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Pbil. I will have it no lay.

Jacb. By the gods it is one:—' If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain uneduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword,

Jacb. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for

^a a friend,]—to the lady, and as such wise, in not exposing her to hazard—*afraid*, and that's a proof of your wisdom.

^r undergo]—undertake.

^p If I bring you sufficient, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine; &c.

Britain ; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve :
I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus, and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Pbil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us
follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those
flowers ;

Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt ladies.*

Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam ;
But I beseech your grace, (without offence ;
My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distill ? preserve ? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other ' conclusions ? I will try the forces

' conclusions ?]—experiments.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Vol. II. p. 103. *Lear.*
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act V. S. 2. *Cæs.*

Of

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
* Take your own way. *[Aside.]*

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. *[Aside.]*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— *[To Pisanio.]*

Cor. *[Aside.]* I do not like her. She doth think, she
has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

* *Take your own way.]—You are dismissed.*

L. 4

Queen.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. . . . [Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think,
in time

She will not ^{quench}; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: ^{to shift his being},
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing ^{that leans}?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops a phial: Pisanio takes it up,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think ^{what a chance thou changest on}; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee; move the king

^{quench};]—cool.

^{to shift his being},]—to change his place of abode.

^{that leans}?]—that is in a declining state.

^{what a chance thou changest on};]—how likely thou art to better thy condition by such an exchange of service, or rather attachment.

To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :

[*Exit Pisanio.*

Think on my words.—A sly, and constant knave ;
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 * Of leigers for her sweet ; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and ladies,*

Pis. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII,

Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
 * My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated

* *of liegers for her sweet ;*]—Of advocates for her husband.

* *My supreme crown of grief ! &c.*]—The completion of my distress,
 and cause of those continual assaults that are made upon it, which I
 sustain in consequence of it.

Vexations

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is 'the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
 How mean foe'er, 'that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? 'Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. 'Change you, madam?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly. *[Gives a letter.]*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
 You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, *[Aside.]*
 She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
 Rather, directly fly.

Imogen reads.

—He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am
 most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
 value your 'truest,

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;
 But even the very middle of my heart

'the desire that's glorious:']—whose object is an exalted station—a
 taste above the vulgar. "O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings."

TIMON OF ATHENS, ACT IV. S. 2. *Flav.*

'that have their honest wills,']—that have an opportunity of enjoying
 their humble wishes, a circumstance that gives to comfort its highest
 zest. 'Fie!']—on such intrusion.

'Change you,']—your countenance.

'truest

Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes

[*Afide.*

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich ^a crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, and the ⁱ twinn'd stones
 Upon the ^a unnumber'd beach? and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. ⁱ It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
 'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
 Contemn with ^m mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
 For ideots, in this case ^o of favour, would
 Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
 Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
 • Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

ⁱ (That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
 That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
 The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

^a *crop*]—produce.

ⁱ *twinn'd*]—alike in figure, or size.

^a *unnumber'd*]—whose pebbles are numberless. *LEAR*, A& IV, 6. 6. *Edg.*—*number'd*, numerous.

ⁱ *It cannot be i' the eye;*]—The fault of making so perverse a choice.

^m *mows*]—wry mouths, marks of disgust.

^o *of favour,*]—of comparative beauty.

• *Should make desire vomit emptiness, not so allur'd to feed.*]—Would give it, though empty, a fit of loathing, rather than excite appetite—
^a *emptiness*, rather than induce the beholder to feed upon it.

ⁱ *That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd; that tub, &c.*

Imo.

Imo. What, dear sir,

' Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well :—'Beseech you, sir,
[*To Pisanio.*

' Desire my man's abode where I did leave him :

' He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord ? His health, 'beseech
you ?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : ' he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O !
*Can my sides bold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be,—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage ?*

Imo. Will my lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter.

' *Thus raps you ?*]—Transports you thus. ' *Desire*]—Search out,

' *He's strange, and peevish.*]—He's a foreigner, and easily irritated.

' *he furnaces*]—breaths forth, as a furnace doth, sparks and smoke.

It

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. ° In himself, 'tis much ;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What !
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do : For certainties
Either are past remedies ; or, timely known,

° *In himself, 'tis much ;*]—Such a conduct is very extraordinary,
when considered only as proceeding from a man of his rare qualities,
but when viewed, as used towards you, his mate inestimable, as pi-
teous as 'tis strange.

The

The remedy's then born) discover to me

* What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch—
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard ^z with hourly falshood (falshood, as
With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul ! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and ^y faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the greateſt king double ! to be partner'd
With ^z tomboys, hir'd with ^a that ſelf-exhibition

* *What both you ſpur and ſtop.*]—This piece of intelligence, which you ſeem ſo eager to communicate, and yet withhold ; which at once incites you to ſpeak, and reſtrains you from it.

^z *with hourly falshood*]—with frequent preſſure.

^y *faſten'd to an empery,*]—allied to a crown.

^z *tomboys,*]—coarſe ſtrumpets.

^a *that ſelf-exhibition*]—the very penſion you allow him.

Which

Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd ^b ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,
 As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets ;
 Whiles he is ^c vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
 More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
 So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike :—What ho, Pisanio !—
 The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, ^d to mart

^b *ventures,*]—adventurers, traders.

^c *vaulting variable ramps,*]—disporting himself with variety.

^d *to mart*]—to traffick.

As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ' shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, ' like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for
yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot

' shall make your lord,]—shall now describe him to you anew, in his
proper colours.

' like a descended god:]—" —like the herald *Mercury*,

" *New-lighted*," &c.

HAMLET, Act III. S. 4. *Ham.*

To

To intreat your grace but in a small request;
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their valuts great;
And I am something curious, being ^s strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:

^s *strange,*]—a stranger.

I have out-stood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd
the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hun-
dred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must
take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd my oaths of
him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it
would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

1 Lord. No, my lord.

2 Lord. Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Whoreson dog! — I give him satisfaction?
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth, —
A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they
dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother:
every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I
must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord.

2 *Lord*. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, ^a with your comb on. [*Aside*.

Clot. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every ¹ companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted; therefore your ^b issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside*.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten, and first Lord*.

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that

^a with your comb on.]—like a coxcomb—alluding to the fool's cap, which had a comb like a cock's—with your cap-on.

¹ companion]—fellow.

^b issues]—words and deeds.

Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
 Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
 And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
 Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
 Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
 weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.*]

¹ *From fairies, &c.]—*

" Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

" Gives way to in repose!" MACBETH, Act II. S. 1. Ben.

[*Iachimo,*

[*Iachimo, from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press ^m the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly!
And ^a whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly ^o they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under these ^p windows: ^q White with azure lac'd,
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such pictures;—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras-figures—
Why, such, and such:—And the contents ^r o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
(Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

^m *the rushes,*]—used then, as carpets now. HENRY IV. Part I, Act III. S. 1. *Genl.* POEMS, p. 491. ROMEO AND JULIET, Act I, S. 4. *Rom.* ^a *whiter than the sheets!*]—POEMS, p. 422.

^o *they do't!*]—kiss each other. ^p *windows:*]—window-shutters.

^q *White with azure lac'd,*]—The white skin laced with blue veins—
White and azure! lac'd, &c.

^r *o' the story,*]—she had just been reading.

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late,
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, 'you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May 'bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three:—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk: the scene closes.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble
 temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious,
 when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
 could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough:
 It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come: I am advis'd to
 give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

'you dragons of the night!']—"The dragon wing of night"—

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Vol. II. p. 126, *Archil.*

'bare the raven's eye:']—open it, awake the raven.

Enter

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark ! bark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
' His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking ' Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will * consider your music the better ; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of ' unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was ² up so late ; for that's the rea-

* *His steeds to water*]—To dry up the dew that lies in the cups of flowers——“ *Each chalic'd flower supplies.*”

† *Mary-buds*]—Mary-golds.

‡ *consider your music the better :*]—reward you more amply.

“ ——— being something gently considered.”

WINTER'S TALE, Vol. II. p. 655. *Aut.*

† *unpaved*]—castrated.

‡ *up so late ; &c.*]——“ Not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up twice.” TWELFTH NIGHT, Vol. II. p. 497. *Sir To.*

son I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his resemblance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : ^a Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season : make denials
Encrease your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, ^b his goodness forespent on us,

^a *Frame yourself to orderly solicits ; &c.*]—Conform yourself to the ordinary rules of courtship, and take especial care that your visits be well timed.

^b *his goodness's forespent on us,*]—having already experienced his friendship.

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[Exeunt.]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her; What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers 'false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women 'lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself,
 By your leave. [Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylor's are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you; tell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good?—The prince's—

** false themselves,]*—perjure themselves, betray their trust.

** lawyer to me;]*—my advocate.

Enter

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sifter: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,

* *Should learn, being taught, forbearance.*]—Should desist from an
hopeless suit, being repeatedly pressed to do so.

† *Fools are not mad folks.*]—Fools are in no danger of being, as you
say I am, mad. *Fools cure not, &c.*

‡ *be patient,*]—cease to tease me with your importunities.

§ *verbal,*]—talkative.

(To

(To accuse myself) I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) ¹ in self-figur'd knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
² A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, ¹ if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs ^m above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

¹ *in self-figur'd knot ;]*—of their own tying, by a match of their own making.

² *A hilding for a livery, &c.]*—A wretch fit only to be a footman, not equal to the office of presiding over the pantry.

¹ *if 'twere made, &c.]*—if the due reward of your merit were alone regarded. ^m *above thee,]*—of thy head.

Enter

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am ^a sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too ^o casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's; ^p shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it;
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search.

[*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me:——
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir:

^a If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't,

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
' To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?——Well.

[*Exit.*]

^a *sprighted*]—haunted.

^o *casually*]—heedlessly, through carelessness I have lost.

^p *shrew me,*]—beshrew, ill befall me.

^a *If you will make't an action,*]—If you think it actionable.

^p *To the worst of discontent.*]—To the mortification of your own company and reflections.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ROME.

An Apartment in Pbilario's House.

Enter Posthumus, and Pbilario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Pbil. 'What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I 'barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Pbil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
'Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
'(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen

' *What means do you make to him?*]—What steps are taken in order
to bring about a reconciliation.

' *barely gratify your love;*]—consists all my chance of making you
any return. ' *Or look upon*]—Ere, before he will look upon, face.

' *(Statist)*]—Politician.

Are

Are men ^w more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
 (Now ^{*} mingled with their courages) will make known
 To ['] their approvers, they are people, such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

^w more order'd,]—better trained.

^{*} mingled with]—coming in aid of—wing led—borrowing wings
~~from~~—animated by. ['] their approvers,]—such as shall try them.

I'll

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story

Proud,

Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 * And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 * Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
 Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece;
 Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
 * So likely to report themselves: the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her;
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
 Which you might from relation likewise reap;
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubims is fretted: Her ^c andirons
 (I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
 Of silver, each on one foot standing, ^d nicely
 Depending on their brands.

^a On Cydnus.

^a Since the true life on't was—]—So long after the event.

^b So likely to report themselves: &c.]—So near to speaking, such expressive figures: the sculptor hath even excelled nature in all points, save breath and motion.

^c andirons]—irons, whereon wood is laid for burning; called also, from the common figures in their front, dogs.

^d nicely depending on their brands.]—gracefully reclining on their inverted torches.

Post.

Post. * This is her honour!—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, 'if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
'Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

* *This is her honour!*]—And do you think to pass this circumstan-
tial account of the furniture of her bedchamber upon me, as a proof
of the surrender of her honour?

' *if you can,*]—suppresses the flush of rage.

' *Of no more bondage be,*]—Are no more firm.

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
^a The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him:

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
(Worthy her pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm

^a *The cognizance*—The token.

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iacb. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iacb. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing:—

If you will swear you have not done't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iacb. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:——I'll do something——

[*Exit.*

Pbil. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and ⁱpervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iacb. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Another Room in Pbilario's House.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!

ⁱ *perverts*—divert the dire effects of—*prevent.*

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
 As chaste as unfunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
 This ^k yellow Iachimo, in an hour,——was't not?—
 Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cry'd, *ob!* and mounted: found no opposition,
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, ^l change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. ^m I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit—

^k yellow]—fallow.

^l change of prides,]—changes of pride.

^m I'll write]—I'll enter my protest.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his fears deserving it) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. ^a There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing out our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With ^c rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;

^a *There be*]—There will, or may be.

^c *is*—wooden forts and and castles.

With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*; with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor^p ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them^q may have crook'd noses; but, to own such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious Roman did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world) 'gainst all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon

^p (*Poor ignorant baubles!*)—useless, ill adapted to the service.

^q *may have crook'd noses;*—may resemble *Julius* in the nose, but none of them will ever match him in bravery.

^r *against all colour,*—of justice, without the least shew of right.

Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; * whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our
 laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
 Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep 'at utterance. " I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
 Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them,

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us after-
 wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water

* *whose repair, and franchise,*]—to restore the free exercise whereof.

† *at utterance,*]—at the extremity of peril.

‡ *I am perfect,*]—I am well informed.

girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another Room.

Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What * monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would * take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind † to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
[*Reading.*]
*That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!*

* *monsters her accuse.*

* *take in*—subdue.

† *to her's*—in comparison of her's.

Art thou ^a a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

^a I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—^b yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
(Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth ^c physic love)—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though ^d forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You ^e clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reading.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his
dominion, could not be so cruel to me, ^f as you, O the dearest
of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What*

^a *a feodary*—an accomplice, confederate.

WINTER'S TALE, Vol. II. p. 589. *Leo.*

^a *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*—I am a novice in the
mystery of murder.

^b *yet not, that we two are asunder,*—in respect of our separation,
though in all other.

^c *physic love*—keeps it sound, gives it vigour like a cordial.

^d *forfeiters*—of their bonds.

^e *clasp young Cupid's tables.*—seal love-letters.

^f *as you,*—but that one glimpse of you would restore my forfeit life.

your

your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,— O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick, (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going 'Till our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence: Why should excuse be born^a or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too,

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

^b That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—

^a or e'er begot?]—before the matter to be excused exists.

^b That run i' the clock's behalf:]—That measure time in the hour-glass.

Go,

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife,

Pis. Madam, you're best consider,

Imo. ^a I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none, but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Forest, in Wales, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A Goodly day ¹ not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours! ^m Sweet boys, this gate
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
 To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may ⁿ jet through
 And keep their impious turbands on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
 Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,

¹ *A franklin's*]—A farmer's.

^a *I see before me,*]—I perceive nought plainly on either side, or behind me; those places have a fog, &c.

¹ *not to keep house,*]—to pursue business abroad. ^m *Sleep; swoop; see.*

ⁿ *jet*]—stalk.

That

CYMBELINE.

That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
 That service is not service, * so being done,
 But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
 Draws up a profit from all things we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 * The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than * attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for * a babe;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain * the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
 Guid. * Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-
 fledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 * To stride a limit.

* *so being done, but being so allow'd:*]—in virtue of the mere performance, but from its acceptance with the person for whom we do it.
 * *The sharded beetle*]—whose wings are inclosed within two husks, or shards, like scales;—dwelling among rubbish, lodged in dung.

MACBETH, Act III. S. 2. *Macb.*
 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act III. S. 2. *Eno.*
 * *attending for a check;*]—a state of abject servility, or subjection to the control and caprice of another.

* *devote to Aristotle's checks*]—the harsh rules of Aristotle.
 * *bauble*, formerly so spelt, the trappings of an unmerited title.
 * *the cap of him,*]—the bows of the mercer.
 * *Out of your proof*]—From your own experience.
 * *To stride a limit.*]—To go beyond his prescribed bounds.

Arv. ' What should we speak of,
 When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
 We make ' a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ' ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must ' curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

' *What should we speak of,*]—What fund of amusing conversation shall we be furnished with.

' *a quire*]—a choir.

' *ill deserve*]—disoblige.

' *curt'sy*]—bear it patiently.

Shook

Shook down ² my mellow hangings; nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather:

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans; so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus
meanly

I' the cave, ² wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond ^b the trick of others. This Polydore,—

² *my mellow hangings, &c.*]—the ripened fruit.

“ ————— and left me open, bare,

“ *For every storm that blows.*”

TIMON OF ATHENS, ACT IV. S. 3. *Tim.*

² *wherein they bow,*]—whose roof, as before observed, was so low, that at its entrance, they were forced to stoop or bow.—*whereon the bow*—*where* their thoughts, when fixed on the bow, the bend, or arch, hit the roofs, &c.—though their condition be low, their thoughts are high.

^b *the trick*]—fashion, manner.

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: 'say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arviragus) ^d in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou 'rest'ft me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to 'thy grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
 place
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,

^c say,]—when I say. ^d in as like a figure,]—full as expressively.
^e rest'ft]—did'st deprive. ^f ber.

That

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond ^a self-explication: Put thyself
 In a ^b 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
 That ^c drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed;
 the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of
 weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as
 certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio,
 must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
 of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall
 give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter
 for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make
 me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour,
 and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;

^a *self-explication* :]—his own power of explaining.

^b *'haviour*]—behaviour—put on a less alarming aspect.

^c *drug-damn'd*]—infamous for the art of poisoning—*out-crafted*.

Whose

Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
 Out-venoms all ^{the} worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What !—is it to be false,
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed,
 Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false ? Thy conscience witness :—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some ¹ jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him :
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
 And, ² for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ript :—to pieces with me !—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O, husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villainy ; not born, where't grows ;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, ³ like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false : and Simon's weeping

¹ *the worms of Nile ;*]—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act V. S. 2. *Cleo.*
² *jay of Italy, &c.*]—strumpet, whose beauty was the offspring not
 of nature but art, the effect of painting.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 217.

“ ——— were *sober* of their garments.”

“ thy taylor—who is thy *grandfather*.”—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
 WELL, Vol. II. p. 378. *King.* Act IV. of this play. *Guid.*

³ *for I am richer*]—because I am unfit to be converted into hangings.

⁴ *like false Æneas,*]—on his account.

Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
 From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt ° lay the leaven on all proper men ;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great ° fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
 Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience : Look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
 Thou shalt not damn my hand !

Imo. Why, I must die ;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine, —
 That ° cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart ;—
 Something's afore't :—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?
 The ° scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

° *lay the leaven*]—infect, vitiate, render suspected the good names.

“ *The dram of base,*” &c.

HAMLET, Act I. S. 4. *Ham.*

° *fail,*]—defect, fault, offence—*fall.*

° *cravens*]—makes a coward of.

° *scriptures*]—letters.

And

And thou, Posthumus, thou that did'st set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, 'when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. 'I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 'To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 'To lose so bad employment: in the which

'when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her that now thou tir'st on,']—when the keenness of thy appetite for the object, which now thou doatest on, shall be abated—tire on—peck, feed upon—a term in falconry.—TIMON OF ATHENS, Act III. S. 6. Lord. HENRY VI. Part III. Act I. S. 1. King.

*'I'll wake']—I'll watch myself blind, till my eyes are out.
 'To be unbent,']—To have thy bow unbent, to be at last irresolute, and unprepared to execute thy commission.
 'To lose']—To get rid of.*

I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent * to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this curst injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado,
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

* to bottom that]—to reach its bottom.

Imo. What then ?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest : Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad

You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : Now, if you could ' wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is ; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves,

Imo. O, for such means !

² Through peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point :

You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

¹ *wear a mind dark as your fortune is ;*]—carry a mind secret as your fortune is now obscure ; and for a while conceal your native greatness, which must, for safety, be sunk at present, in order to be properly displayed hereafter ; you might thence derive a fair prospect of success.

² *Through peril to my modesty,*]—I would risque, on such an account, every thing short of the absolute forfeiture of my honour.

Exposing it (but, O, ^a the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy) ^b to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your ^c laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(^{'Tis} in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : Would you ^d in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth ^e of such a season, ^{'fore} noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are ^f happy, (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad .
^g You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor suppyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods ^h will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but ⁱ we'll even
All that good time will give us : ^k This attempt

^a *the harder heart !*]—of Posthumus—harder hap.

^b *to the greedy touch of common-kissing Titan ;*]—to the sun's scorching rays.
“ Titan kifs a dish of butter.”

HENRY IV. Part I. Act II. S. 4. *Prince.*

^c *laboursome*]—in the fashioning whereof much labour and skill were bestowed.

^d *in their serving,*]—in that dress.

^e *of such a season,*]—about your own standing. ^f *happy,*]—skilled.

^g *You have me, rich ;*]—in me you shall find an ample fund for your subsistence.

^h *will diet me with.*]—afford me.

ⁱ *we'll even*]—we'll adjust matters as time will permit.

^k *This attempt*]—I have enlisted myself to, am resolved to adopt this scheme, and to go through it.

I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell,

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote: I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall his grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

' your,

O 4

Luc.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exit Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ^m ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She ⁿ looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty ;
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too light in sufferance, [*Exit a servant,*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady

^m *ripely,*]—in due time.

ⁿ *looks us*]—looks upon us, eyes us.

So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the ° loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! *[Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. *[Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after.—

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

• *loud of.*

Re-

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:

Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night¹ fore-stall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
¹ Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisania.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, firrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

¹ *fore-stall*]—deprive.

¹ *Than lady, ladies, woman;*]—Than any lady, any number of ladies,
the whole sex. “To any count, to all counts, to what is man.”

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Vol. II. p. 405. *Par.*

From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn,

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further ' halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne—' Or this, or perish.

Pis. [*Afide.*] She's far enough; and what he learns by
this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
[*Afide.*

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo
those employments, wherein I should have cause to use
thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy so-

' *bating* :]—shuffling, prevaricating.

' *Or this, or perish.*]—Give me the paper, or thou diest.

c'er

e'er I bid thee do; to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me; fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.]*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VI.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lye, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punish:

A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness
 Is sorer, than to lye for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee;
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If 'any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 'Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! *[She goes into the cave.]*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best 'woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our 'match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

'any thing that's civil,]—any human creature.

'Take, or lend.]—Either take me for food, or yield me some—take my
 life, or lend me your assistance. 'woodman,]—sportsman.

'match:]—bargain.

Guid.

Guid. There's cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:—

[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, fir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
found

Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, fir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;

To

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your ² groom.—³ In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; ² and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. } [*Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue

² groom.]—bridegroom.

³ In honesty I bid for you, as I'd buy.]—I only proffer the terms I would purchase you upon.

² and so more equal ballasting]—then should I not have sunk him by my overweight.—Price—balancing.

Which.

Which their own conscience seal'd them, ^a (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes)
Could not ^b out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since ^c Leonatus false——

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

R O M E.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, ^d he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

^a (*laying by, &c.*)—disregarding that worthless tribute, fame, or popular applause; the court, which the shifting vulgar pay.

^b *out-peer*—exceed, surpass.

^c *Leonate is false.*

^d *he commands*—orders to be given—~~commends~~ to your care.

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

Must be suppliant: The words of your commission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time

Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the taylor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress en-

* *in single oppositions:*]—duels.

† *imperseverant*]—persevering, obstinate.

forced;

forced; thy garments cut to pieces before ^s her face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To Imogen.
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. ^a So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not ¹ so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your ^k journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

^s *thy.*

^a *So sick I am not;*]—as to prevent your sport.

¹ *so citizen a wanton,*]—so cowardly a coxcomb. ^k *journal*]—daily.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :

¹ As much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why,
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
² Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.——³ So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, wh
lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :

• Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick :——*Pisanio,*

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. I could not ⁴ stir him :

He said, he was ⁵ gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

¹ *How.*

² *Doth miracle itself,*]—Is truly marvellous.

³ *So please you, sir.*]—To *Belarius*, implying his readiness to atte
him.

⁴ *Experience, O, how thou disprov'st report !*

⁵ *Stir him :*]—move, prevail on him to tell his story, to discl
himself.

⁶ *gentle,*]—well born.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!
He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their 'spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, 'untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. 'It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's
there?

' *spurs*]—fibres.

' *untwine*]—from *thy* increasing vine—*entwine* his root with the vine,
(*patience*) so long as grief may last; but let his baleful root perish,
in the same proportion as thine encreases.

' *It is great morning.*]—The morning's far advanced.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Guid. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius, and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
"A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is ' thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My taylor made them not.

"A slave"]—Such abusive language otherwise than by a blow.

"Thy grandfather;"]—"Whose mother was her painting." Act III.
S. 4. *Imo,*

Guid.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy ^v mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer, [Fight, and exeunt.]

Enter Belarius, and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

^v mere]—utter.

P 4

Arv.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother ² make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors : ¹ For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear,—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,
There was no money in't : not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. I am ² perfect, what : cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd ² take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thank the gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; Then why should we ^b be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ?
^c For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

² *make good time with him,*]—succeed, come off with safety in this encounter.

¹ *For the effect of judgment is oft the cause of fear,*]—Apprehensions of fear naturally result from a judgment in weighing danger—*effect of judgment is oft the cure of fear.* ² *perfect,*]—well apprized.

² *take us in,*]—apprehend us. ^b *be tender,*]—endure patiently.

^c *For we do fear the law ?*]—Because forsooth we fear the law ?

Bel.

Bel. No single soul
 Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
 He must have some attendants. Though his ^dhumour
 Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
 May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him) might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath ^ea tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. ^fLet ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
^gDid make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
 His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
 That's all I reckon. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
 'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

^d *humour.*

^e *a tail*]—attendants on it.

^f *Let ordinance*]—The will of the gods be done.

^g *Did make my way long forth.*]—Made me leave home with reluctance.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
 So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, ^b revenges,
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
 And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
 We'll hunt no more to-day; nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
 You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
 'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
 To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!
 I'll willingly to him: ⁱ To gain his colour,
 I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
 And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an ^k invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,

^b *revenges,*]—such pursuits of vengeance as would admit but the possibility of resistance.

ⁱ *To gain his colour,*]—For the recovery of *Fidele*, I'd let a thousand such clowns blood.

^k *invisible*]—hidden, secret, the cause whereof was unknown and unsuspected.

What

What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn music,*

Bel. My 'ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my dearest
mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her in
his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lilly!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

¹ *ingenious*—harmonious, musical.

Bel.

Bel. O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, or shew what coast thy sluggish ^m crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; ^a but I,
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. ° Stark, as you see;

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, ^p being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted ^q brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to ' him.

Arv. With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: ^r the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
^s To winter-ground thy corse,

^m crare]—crayer, bark, vessel.

^a but I,]—know only—but ab?

° Stark,]—Stiff.

^p being laugh'd at:]—as is apparent from his placid countenance.

^q brogues]—shoes.

^r thee.

^s the ruddock]—the red-breast.

^s To winter-ground thy corse.]—To screen it from the inclemency of that season.

Guid.

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not "protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and "fanés that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was "paid for that : Though mean and mighty,
rotting
Together, have one dust ; yet 'reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

" *protract*]—the payment of a debt already due.

" *fanés*]—monumental inscriptions, tomb stones in temples.

" *paid*]—punished.

" *reverence*,]—a due regard to subordination, that power which
preserves peace and decorum in the world.

Arv.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:

Both. *Golden lads and girls all must,*

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to cloath, and eat;

To thee the reed is as the oak:

Both. *^a The scepter, learning, physic, must*

All follow ^a thee, and come to dust.

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*

Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*

Guid. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*

^b Consign to thee, and come to dust.

^a *The scepter, learning, &c.]—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.*

^a *this.*

^b *Consign to thee,]*—Seal the same contract with thee, add their names to thine in death's register.

Guid.

Guid. No ^c *exorciser* harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet ^d *consummation* have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more: The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night, Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—^e Upon their faces:— You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.— Come on, away: ^f apart upon our knees. The ground, that gave them first, has them again: Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

^g 'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

^c *exorciser*]—enchanter.

^d *consummation*]—HAMLET, Act III. S. 1. *Ham.*

^e *Upon their faces:*]—the faces of *Euriphile* and *Fidele*.

^f *apart upon our knees.*]—let us retire, and fall upon.

^g 'Ods pittikins!—God's pity.

And

And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear : But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
 The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man !——The garments of Posthumus !
 I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
 His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
 The brawns of Hercules : but his ^a Jovial face——
 Murder in heaven ?——How ?——'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
 ' Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous !——Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,——damn'd Pisanio——
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top !——Posthumus, O ! alas,
 Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ay me ! where's that ?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart
 And left thy head on.—How should this be ? Pisanio ?
 'Tis he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis ^k pregnant, pregnant !
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !——
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

^a *Jovial face*]—like *Jove's*.

ⁱ *Conspir'd with that irregular devil,*]—In league with that disorderly,
 licentious devil—*irreligious*.

^k *pregnant,*]—plain, manifest.

That we the horrid^{er} may seem to those
Which chance to find us : O, my lord ! my lord !

Enter Lucius, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
They are in readinefs.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service ; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardnefs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, fir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night ¹ the very gods shew'd me a vision :
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus :—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, ^m wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams : which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather :

¹ *the very gods*]—the gods themselves.

^m *wing'd*]—having taken his flight.

For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
 Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
 They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
 That, otherwise than noble nature^a did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
 A very valiant Briton, and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
 There are no more such masters: I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
 Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [Aside.
 They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
 Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
 Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,

^a *did,*]—drew it—*did it.*

Senf

Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As ° these poor pick-axes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and ^p partizans
A grave : Come, ^q arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be chearful ; wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever ^r with the absence of her son ;
A madness, of which her life's in danger :—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen

° *these poor pick axes*]—my fingers. ^p *partizans*]—spears, halberts.

^q *arm him.*]—carry him in your arms.

^r *with the absence of her son ;*]—occasioned by that, and attended
with a delirium, threatens her life.

Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me : her son gone,
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness
 Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here :
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And he'll, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
 We'll slip you for a season ; but ' our jealousy [To
 Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
 Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
 Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
 I am 'amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
 ' Your preparation can affront no less
 Than what you hear of : come more, for more you
 ready :

^a *our jealousy does yet depend.*]—my suspicion is not perfectly removed

^b *'amaz'd with matter.*]—perplexed with multiplicity of business

^c *Your preparation, &c.*]—Your forces are a match for as great an army as report gives the enemy.

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
'And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.

Pis. 'I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
'Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us

'And meet the time, as it seeks us.]-And display, at this juncture,
spirit equal to the occasion.

'I heard no letter]-I have not heard a syllable—since I wrote him
I've had no letter.

'Even to the note o' the king,]-my patriotism shall be so evinced by
conduct in these wars, as to attract even the notice of the king.

For barbarous and unnatural revolts

^y During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us,

To the king's party there's no going : newness

Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to ^z a render

Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that

Which we have done, ^a whose answer would be death

Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,

In such a time, nothing becoming you,

Nor satisfying us.

Arr. It is not likely,

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold ^b their quarter'd files, have both their eyes

And ears ^c so cloy'd importantly as now,

That they will waste their time ^d upon our note,

To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known

Of many in the army : many years,

Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king

Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;

Who find in my exile the want of breeding,

^e The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless

To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,

But to be still hot summer's ^f tanlings, and

The shrinking slaves of winter.

^y *During their use,*]—So long as they shall retain us in their service.

^z *to a render where we have liv'd ;*]—to give an account of our place
of abode. ^a *whose answer*]—the retaliation of Cloten's death.

^b *their quarter'd files,*]—well disposed lines—*quarter'd files*.

^c *so cloy'd importantly*]—so fully employed.—*so 'mploy'd*.

^d *upon our note,*]—in enquiries about us.

^e *The certainty*]—The necessary consequence.

^f *tanlings*]—tanned ones.

Guid. Than be so,
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
 I and my brother are not known : yourself,
 So out of thought, and thereto so ' o'ergrown,
 Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
 I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
 Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
 But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
 Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
 A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
 Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go :
 If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I ; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys ;
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
 Lead, lead.—The time seems long ; their blood thinks
 scorn, [*Afide.*
 Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

* o'ergrown,]—in beard.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field, between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, ^a bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For ⁱ wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!

^b Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd ⁱ to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ill with ill, ^m each elder worse;
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!

^a *bloody cloth,*]—the token of *Imogen's* death, sent by *Pisania*.

ⁱ *wrying*]—twerving, straying.

^b *Every good servant*]—"It is the curse of kings," &c.

KING JOHN, Act IV. S. 2. *K. John.*

ⁱ *to put on*]—to instigate to.

^m *each elder worse; &c.*]—each deed of an old sinner being worse than the preceding; till at length, pierced with a review of their accumulated enormities, they become exemplary penitents.

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame^a the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door;
 and the British army at another; Leonatus Posthumus fol-
 lowing it like a poor soldier. They march over, and go
 out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus:
 he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this^b carle,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

^a *the guise*]—the custom, practice.

^b *carle,*]—*churl*—clown, rustic, boor.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Of his wings destitute,]—Could not escape.

Through

Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was 'damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant ; who deserv'd
 So long ' a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country ;—' athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like ' to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter ;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage ; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's barts die flying, not our men :
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly ; and may save,
But to look back in frown : stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand ' confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing) with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd coward :

' *damm'd*]—closed up. ' *a breeding,*]—a life, a time to live again.

' *athwart the lane,*]—throwing himself across the lane.

' *to run the country base,*]—to play at prison base.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, Vol. I. p. 96. *Lac.*

' *confident,*]—in boldness.

But

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need) having found ^v the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal ^z bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: ' You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

^v the back-door open]—the Romans with their back towards them.

^z bugs]—terrors. “ — fear boys with bugs.”

TAMING OF THE SHREW, Vol. II. p. 299. *Post.*

^v You are made]—and yet you may, since you seem to be made—
 but wonder.

Lord:

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [Exit.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't;
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe^a charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For, being now a^b favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; ^c great the answer be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in ^c a silly habit,
'That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's there?

^a *charm'd,*]—rendered invulnerable, protected as by a charm.—

"I bear a *charmed* life." MACBETH, Act V. S. 7. *Macb.*

^b *favourer to the Briton,*]—'tis fruitless to seek death in their ranks.

^c *great the answer be*]—may the revenge taken by the Britons be as
simple. ^c *silly*]—simple, rustic.

^d *That gave the affront with them.*]—That turned his face on the foe
as they did.

Post.

Post. A Roman ;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; A dog !
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his service
As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a gaoler : after
which, all go out.*

S C E N E IV.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have 'locks
upon you ;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty : Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death ; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?

* *locks upon you ;*]—alluding to those worn by horses when turned
upon commons.

So

So children temporal fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 'Desir'd, more than constrain'd : ^s to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take ^b this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these ^c cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn musick. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies :

^a *Desir'd, more than constrain'd :*]—Put on rather through my own choice, than by compulsion.

^s *to satisfy, &c.*]—the offended gods, perhaps, more than this contrition may be requisite; if so, then I desire them to accept my present all, my life, which I am ready to surrender as a condition of my pardon, or freedom from future punishment, and I hope they will not exact a stricter compensation.

^b *this audit,*]—this account.

^c *cold bonds.*]—alluding both to his bodily and spiritual bondage.

With

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whose face I never saw?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art)

Thou should'st have been and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid;
But took me in my throes;

That from ² me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

¹ *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or ¹ fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could ² deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown

From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,

² *my womb.* ¹ *fruitful*]—productive of love's fruits—*rival object*.
² *deem his dignity?*]—distinguish, judge of his merit.

To taint his nobler heart and brain

With needful jealousy ;

^a And to become the geck and scorn

O' the other's villainy ?

² *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,

Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain ;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,

With honour to maintain.

¹ *Bro.* Like ° hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd :

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due ;

Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope ; look out ;

No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh

And potent injuries :

Motb. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !

Or we poor ghosts will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,

Against thy deity.

² *Broth.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,

And from thy justice fly.

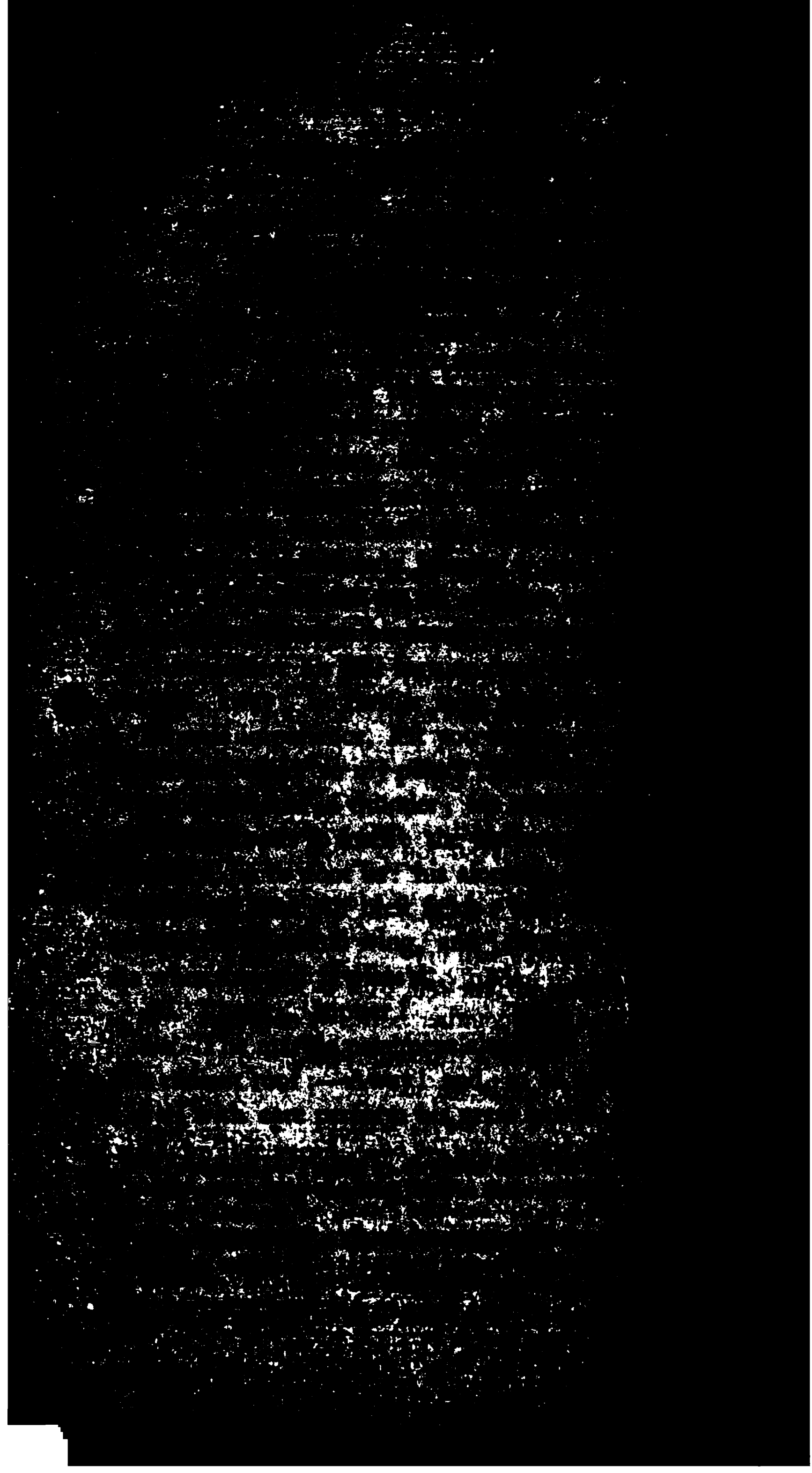
*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle :
he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,

Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,

^a *And to become the geck*]—And (suffer him) to become the dupe.

[°] *hardiment*]—deeds of prowess.



Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and
begot

A father to me : and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare one !
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without
seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air ; and
when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, be-
ing dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

[*'Tis still a dream ; &c.*]—This is a dream, or madness, or both,
or nothing—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a
dream, or unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it may, 'tis like my
course of life, and I'll preserve it for that reason.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that ^w you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being ^x drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true ^y debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and ^z counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hang-man to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

^w *you are paid too much;*]—by the liquor, overcome, intoxicated.

^x *I paid nothing—but was paid for my learning."*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 247. *Fal.*

^y *— seven of the eleven I paid."*

HENRY IV. Part I. Act II. S. 4. *Fal.*

^z *drawn of heaviness:*]—embowelled, emptied of its contents.

^y *debtor and creditor*]—mode of adjusting the accounts between them.

^z *counters*]—were formerly used as a means of reckoning.

Post.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know ; or ^a jump the after-enquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news ; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. *[Exeunt Posthumus, and Messenger.]*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one ^b so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too, that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses ! I speak against my present profit ; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exit.]

^a *jump the after-enquiry*—venture upon it without any forethought.
^b *We'd jump the life to come.* MACBETH, Vol. II. p. 623. *Macb.*
"For the life to come," &c. WINTER'S TALE, Act IV. S. 2. *Ant.*
^b *so prone,*—so prompt for execution.

Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !

Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness,

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners ; Post-
humus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be pleas'd with slaughter
Of

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So ⁱ feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
^{*} His favour is familiar to me :—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
Live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

ⁱ *feat,*]—adroit, clever.

^{*} *His favour is familiar to me :*]—I am well acquainted with his countenance.

Imo.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arr. One said another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you ?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis.

Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*
 Since she is living, let the time run on,
 To good, or bad. [*Cymb. and Imogen come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
 Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
[*To Iachimo.*

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
 Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
 Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
 Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
 Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
 How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
 Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
 Torments me to conceal. By villainy
 I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
 Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
 thee,

As it doth me) a nobler fir ne'er liv'd
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:

¹ *Quail*—Sink into dejection, droop.
 “ ——— there's no *quailing* now.”

HENRY IV. Part I. Act IV. S. 1. *Hot.*

I had

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more : strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour !) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where !) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd ! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head !) the good Posthumus,
What should I say ? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were ; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak : " for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye :——

Cym. I stand on fire :
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

" for feature, laming, &c.]—for symmetry or proportion of parts, disparaging the statues of *Venus* and erect *Minerva*, whose graceful attitudes were carried to such a pitch of perfection, as hasty, unelaborate nature seldom reaches ; for mental endowments, a compound of all amiable qualities, besides the attractive bait of a fair complexion.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 ° In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had it been ° a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with ° simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus ; ° averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

° *In suit*]—By courtship.

° *a carbuncle, &c.*]—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, ACT I. S. 3. *Ant.*

° *simular*]—feigned.

° *averring notes*]—recounting such particulars as strongly confirmed my report.

I having

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,——
Methinks, I see him now,——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright 'justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and 'she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her, she falls.

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come 'these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

'justicer!']—dispenser of justice. • she herself.]—virtue herself.

'these staggers']—this delirium, wild perturbation.

Pis.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The "tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!——

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would "cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.——

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

"tune]—voice.

"cease]—suspend.

Think,

Think, that you are upon a rock ; * and now

[*Rushing into his arms.*

Throw me again.

Post. * Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, mak'st thou me ' a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not ;
You had a motive for't. [To *Guiderius* and *Arviragus*.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely : But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

* and now throw me again, &c.]—If you doubt my fidelity, repeat your violence, and may my second fall prove fatal.

* Hang there]—about my neck, till the frame, that now supports you, shall decay.

' a dullard]—a person stupidly unconcerned, a dolt.

My

My lady's honour : what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most incivil one : The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
² Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ;

[*To the guard.*

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old foldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

² *Had ever scar for.*—for meriting, or attempting to merit.

' By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave ;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor ?

Bel. He it is, that hath
' Assum'd this age : indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be ' confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee :
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;

* *By tasting of*]—forcing me to make thee feel the effects of.

* *Assum'd this age :*]—this appearance of age.

* *confiscate*]—forfeited to the use of the public.

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was ^a my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: ^c Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ^f shap'd
Upon my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. ^e Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

^a *my mere offence,*—my offence was solely the effect of your caprice.
—my near, dear offence.

^c *Beaten for loyalty*—The ill requital my loyalty met with.

^f *shap'd*—answered.

^e *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*—Thy tears attest the truth of thy relation.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lap'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister' ; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When

When shall I hear all through ? This ^h fierce abridgment
 Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in.—Where ? how liv'd you ?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
 How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
 Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
 And all the other by-dependancies,
 From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
 Each object with a joy : the counter-change
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
 Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor befeeming ; 'twas a fitment for

^h *fierce*]—brief, rapid.

The purpose I then follow'd :—That I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again :

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
 As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
 Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
 That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
 The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
 Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
 Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
 Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
 Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
 Appear'd to me, with other ¹ sprightly shews
 Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
 This label on my bosom ; whose ² containing
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 Make no collection of it : let him shew
 His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

¹ *sprightly shews*]—ghostly appearances.

² *containing, &c.*]—contents are so intricate, that I can draw no inferences from them—" *collection.*"—HAMLET, Act IV. S. 5. *Her.*

Soothsayer reads.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.

Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife ; [To Post.] who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clip'd about
With this most tender air.

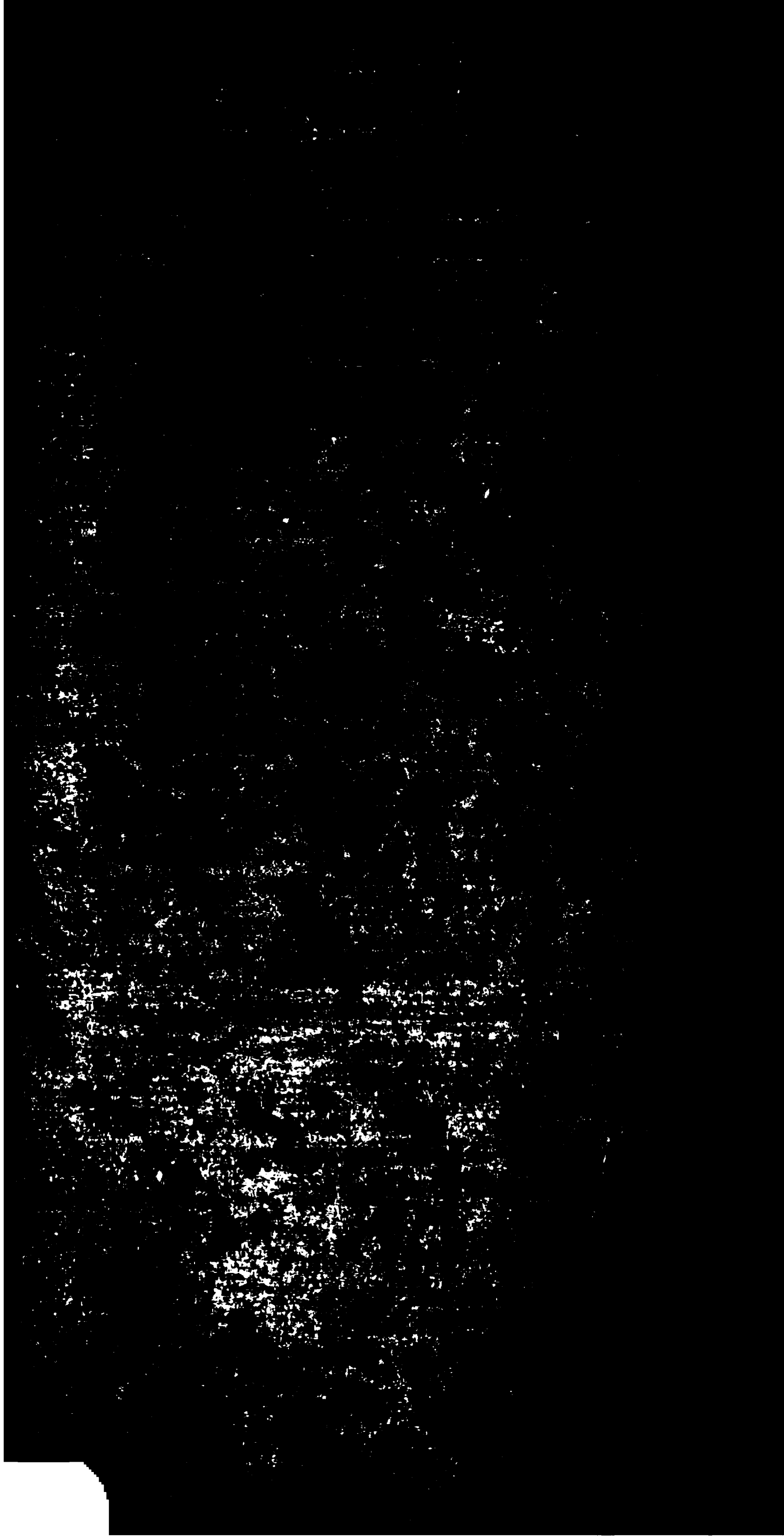
Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty,

Cym. Well,

¹ By peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;

¹ *By peace we will begin :*]—To fulfil the prophecy.—*My peace.*



A S O N G,

*Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed
to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village binds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.*

II.

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

III.

*No witber'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall baunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

IV.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid,*

V.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

VI.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.*

KING

K I N G J O H N .

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, Son to the King.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

Earl of PEMBROKE, William Marshall.

Earl of ESSEX, Jeffrey Fitzpeter, Chief Justice of England.

Earl of SALISBURY, William Longsword, Son to
Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford.

HUBERT,

BIGOT, Roger, Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk.

FAULCONBRIDGE, Bastard Son to Richard the First.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Half Brother to the Bastard.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to the Lady FAULCONBRIDGE.

PETER of POMFRET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

ARCH-DUKE of AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPHO, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to KING JOHN.

ELINOR, Queen-Mother of England.

CONSTANCE, Mother to ARTHUR.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece
to KING JOHN.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard, and
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Sol-
diers, and other Attendants.

*The SCENE—sometimes in ENGLAND ; and sometimes in
FRANCE.*

* * * THIS PLAY, written about the year 1596, is founded on the British Chroniclers, whom our Author follows closely, not only in the detail of facts, but sometimes in the very expressions. The action of it begins at the 34th year of the King's life, and comprehends an interval of about seventeen years. There is an old play in two parts by C. MARLOW, of the same title, to which Shakspeare is somewhat indebted.

KING

K I N G J O H N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Northampton.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France
with us ?

Cbat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
* In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

Cbat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagent, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories ;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this ?

* *In my behaviour,*]—In the character, or manner I here assume ; in
this my address as his ambassador.

Cbat.

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger
born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land,
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,

That

But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores
 Between my father and my mother lay,
 (As I have heard my father speak himself)
 When this same lusty gentleman was got.
 Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
 His lands to me ; and took it on his death,
 That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
 And, if he were, he came into the world
 Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
 Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
 My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
 And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
 Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
 In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him : ' This concludes—
 My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
 To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
 And like thy brother to enjoy thy land ;

' This concludes—']—Is a decisive argument.

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
 * Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
 My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, Look, where ^b three-farthings goes!
 And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 * Would I might never stir from off this place,
 I'd give it every foot to have this face;
 I would not be ^c sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
 Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither:

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
 Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
 thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
 Arise sir Richard, and Platagenet.

Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;
 My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—

* *Lord of thy presence,*—Master of thy own dignity, of that princely appearance; great in thy own person.

^b *three-farthings*—a silver coin of that value, with a rose on the reverse.

^c *sir Nob*—a cant word for head, as Bob for Robert; alluding to his brother both as Knight and Robert.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day;
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Pbil. Madam, by chance, but not ^a by truth: What
though?

Something ¹ about; a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day; must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Pbil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty!

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*]

^a A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
^a Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
^c 'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's ^p mefs;

^a *by truth: What though?*]—by honesty—What then?

¹ *about,*]—irregularly—these proverbial phrases allude to his base birth, and extraordinary advancement.

^a *A foot*]—A step or degree.

^a *Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—*]—Good day, the salutation of an inferior—the knight's reply.

^c *'Tis too respectful, and too sociable, &c.*]—'Tis too respectful and familiar, for your newly-created knight, to pay attention to such matters.
^p *mefs;*]—dinner.

And when my nightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 ' My piked man of countries :—*My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)
I shall beseech you—That is question now ;
 And then comes answer ' like an ABC-book :—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command ;*
At your employment ; at your service, sir :—
No, sir, says question ; *I, sweet sir, at yours :*
 And so, e'er answer knows what question ' would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po)
 It draws toward supper in conclusion.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself :
 For he is but ' a bastard to the time,
 That doth not " smack of observation ;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :
 Which though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
 For it shall " strew the footsteps of my rising.—

' *My piked man of countries :*]—My fantastic guest, with pointed beard or shoes.—My picked man.

' *like an ABC-book :*]—in the form of a catechism.

' *would, (saving in dialogue of compliment ;)*]—propound to him, excepting the occasion given for compliments, and some slight common place remarks on the Alps, &c.

' *a bastard to the time,*]—held now-a-days in low esteem.

' *smack of observation ; &c.*]—exhibit some spice of foreign manners ; and that not only by his outward habit and address, but also by the infallible criterion of politeness, a perpetual propensity to flattery, that sweet poison, so highly palatable to the age's tooth.

' *strew the footsteps of my rising.*]—facilitate my promotion.

But

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
 * Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
 He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. * Philip?—sparrow!—James,
 * There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit James.]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
 Sir Robert could do well; Marry, confess!
 Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
 We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
 To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

* *Colbrand the giant,*]—slain by *Guy Earl of Warwick*, in the presence of *K. Athelstan*.

* *Philip?—sparrow!*]—the nickname of that bird—Do you call, or take me for a sparrow, *James*?

* *There's toys abroad;*]—Some idle stories have got wind.

Phil. * Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco like :
 What ! I am dub'd ; I have it on my shoulder,
 But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son ;
 I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land ;
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone :

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;
 Some proper man, I hope ; Who was it, mother ?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge ?

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father ;
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed :——
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !——
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear ^b their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly :
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,——
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,——
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
 Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

* *Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco like :*]—Call me not *knave*,
 but *knight*, as says *Basilisco*, in the play of *Soliman and Perseda*.

" *knight, good fellow, knight, knight.*"

^b *their privilege*]—exemption from censure.

Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin ;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
 Who says, it was, he lyes ; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Before the Walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 ' Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 ' By this brave duke came early to his grave :
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our ' importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Artb. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

^c *Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,*]—Richard is said literally to have done so, fighting with one in prison.

^d *By this brave duke came early to his grave :*]—Richard was once indeed made his prisoner, but fell long after at the siege of Caluz.

^e *importance*]—importunity.

Lewis. A noble boy! 'Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with 'that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even 'till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: 'till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make ^a a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Philip. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

^f *that pale, that white-faced shore,*]—*Albion*, so called from the *white rocks* facing *France*.
^a *a more*]—a better, more suitable.

K. Philip.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. ^b A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Cbat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:

His marches are ⁱ expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

^k An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:

And all the unsettled humours of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,

Than now the English bottoms have ⁱ waft o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and ^m scath in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,

To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

^b *A wonder,*]—A lucky omen.

^k *An Até,*]—A goddess of discord.

^m *scath*]—mischief.

ⁱ *expedient*]—quick, expeditious.

ⁱ *waft*]—wafted.

K. Philip.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King John, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Philip. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast ^a under-wrought its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And ^o his is Geffrey's: In the name of God,

^a *under-wrought its lawful king, cut off the sequence of posterity,]*—undetermined, and deprived him of his right and succession.

^o *his is Geffrey's:]*—what was Geffrey's, is now Arthur's—this is.

How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which 'owe the crown that thou o'er-maisterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the plots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;

And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse it; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,

As thine was to thy husband: and this boy

Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,

Than thou and John in manners; being as like,

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,

His father never was so true begot;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot
thee.

Aust. Peace!

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

[Enter a man.]—have a just claim to.

Faulc.

Faulc. One that will play the devil, fir, with you,
 An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
 You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;
 I'll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
 Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
 That did disrobe the lion of that robe !.

Faulc. It lies as lightly on the back of him,
 As great Alcides' shoes^a upon an afs :—
 But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back ;
 Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

K. Phil. Lewis, determine what we shall do strait:

Lewis. Women, and fools, break off your conference.—
 King John, this is the very sum of all,—
 England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
 In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
 Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.
 Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
 And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
 Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
 Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :
 Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
 There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !

^a upon an afs :]—upon the hoofs of an afs—*shews upon an afs*—
 the robes of Hercules would show—alluding to the fable of the *Afs*
 the Lion's skin.

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this 'coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. 'Beldam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—

'That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,

'coil,]—bustle, disturbance.

'Bedlam.

'That he's not only plagu'd for her sin,]—The obscurity of this speech arises from the ambiguous use of the term *Sin*, which stands, sometimes, for *crime*, and, at other, for *offspring*. *Constance* observes, that *he* (king John) is not only plagued (with the present war) for his mother's *sin*, but God hath made her *sin* and her, the plague also on this removed issue (*Arthur*) plagu'd for her, and with her plagu'd; on her account, and by means of her sinful offspring;—her *sin*, his *injury*; whose injury (the usurpation of *Arthur's* rights) may be considered as the injury of her sin-conceiving womb;—her *injury*, the beadle to her *sin*; her *injustice* may also be considered as the officer of correction employed by her crimes, to inflict all these punishments, both on herself and us; centring indeed in the troubles of *Arthur*, but extending in their consequence to all parties.

And

And with her plagu'd ; her sin, his injury ;
 Her injury, the beadle to her sin ;
 All punish'd in the person of this child ;
 And all for her ; A plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
 A woman's will ; a cankred grandam's will !

K. Phil. Peace, lady ; pause, or be more temperate :
 It ill beseems this presence, " to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak ;
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Enter Citizens upon the walls.

† *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself :

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects ;
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle :

K. John. ' For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us—
 First,

These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :

" to cry aim]—to give a sanction.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 213. *Ford.*

" For our advantage ;]—(as I trust.)

All

All preparation for a bloody siege,
 And merciless proceeding by these French,
 Confronts your city's eyes, your "winking gates ;
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordinance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
 Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought "a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parole :
 And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears :
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
 'Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both,
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town ;
 Being no further enemy to you,

"winking gates ;]—that fear, or are averse to opening ; in the state of an eye, that dreads annoyance.

"a countercheck]—preventive, obstruction.

'Fore-weary'd]—over-fatigued, quite spent.

KING JOHN

the constraint of hospitable zeal,
the relief of this oppressed child,
sincerely provokes. Be pleased then
pay that duty, which you truly owe,
him * that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
ve in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the * roundure of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
Faulc. Bastards, and else.

* that owes it;]—whose right it is. * roundure]—circular end
K.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Faulc. Some bastards too.

K. Philip.—Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Philip. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Faulc. Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon, and
e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lions,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.—

[*To Austria.*

Aust. Peace; no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Philip. It shall be so;—and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*After excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets,
to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;

Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made

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U

Much

Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter English Heralds, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot ^b malicious day !
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, ^c like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes :
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be ^d censured :
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;

^b *malicious*]—destructive. ^c *like a jolly troop of huntsmen.*]

“ ————— here thy *hunters* stand,

“ *Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy letbe.*”

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III. S. 1. *Ant.*

^d *censured* :]—discriminated.

Strength

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
Say, shall the current of our right ^e run on ?
Whose passage vex't with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead ;
Gracing the scowl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;
And now he feasts, ^f mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
^b Cry, havock, kings ! back to the stained field,

^e *some.* ^f *mousing*]—mammacking, tearing to pieces—*mouthing*.

^b *Gry, havock,*]—Command slaughter to proceed.

You equal ^b potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;

¹ Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power, than we, denies all this;
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:

^k King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these ¹ scroyles of Angiers flout you,
kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your ^m industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the ⁿ mutines of Jerusalem,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;

'Till their ^o soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

^b *potents,*—potentates.

¹ *Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.*—Of imperial dignity, and king of you.

^k *King'd of our fears:*—Under the control of our fears at present, and destined to remain so, until our fears or doubts about our rightful sovereign are removed.

¹ *scroyles*—scrubs.

^m *industrious.*

ⁿ *mutines*—mutineers.

^o *soul-fearing*—soul-appalling.

I'd play incessantly upon these ^pjades,
 Even 'till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
^a Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Faulc. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so: Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into the city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south,
 Shall rain their ^rdrift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
 Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth: [*Aside.*
 I'll stir them to it: Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,

^p jades,]—wretches.
^r drift]—shower.

^a Smacks it not]—Doth it not favour.

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
 Win you this city without stroke, or wound ;
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
 That here come sacrifices for the field :
 Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on ; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
 Is near to England ; Look upon the years
 Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete :
 If not complete, O say, ' he is not she ;
 And she again wants nothing, ' to name want,
 If want it be not, that " she is not he :
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she ;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in :
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,
 With " swifter spleen than powder can enforce,

* *he is not she ;*]—he is not made one with her.

† *to name want,*]—that may be justly termed want.

“ *she is not he :*]—she is not yet united to him.

“ *swifter spleen*]—greater speed.

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion ; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's ² a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
 Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoak, and bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France :
 Zounds ! I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition ;
 ' Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath

² *a stay,*]—Here's an extraordinary supporter of the cause of France ;
 a formidable obstacle, a stout spokesman to stay us : *Here's a flaw*—a
 gust of bravery, a blast of menace.

¹ *Lest zeal, now melted, &c.*]—Lest the now zealous *Philip*, heretofore cold as ice in our cause, and but newly melted and softened by the warm breath of petitions, &c. should be again congealed and frozen.

Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
'Till now infix'd I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect is mine:
If he see ought in you, that makes him like,

That

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
 (Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 judge)

That I can find should merit any hate,

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you,
 my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love
 this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give.² Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
 Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Philip. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your
 hands.

Auf. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
 That I did so, when I was ^a first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made;
 For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
 Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—

¹ *Volquessen,*]—the *Vexin*. ² *first assur'd.*]—affianced, contracted.
 I know,

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*]

Faulc. 'Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly 'departed with a part:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own foldier) 'rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

^b *Mad*]—Strange, absurd.

^c *departed with*]—relinquished.

^d *rounded*]—whispered.

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
 (Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
 'Commodity, the bias of the world;
 The world, who of itself is 'peised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground;
 'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own-determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to 'clutch my hand,
 When ^b his fair angels would salute my palm;
 'But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [Exit.

^c *Commodity*—Self-interest. “I will turn diseases to *commodity*.”

HENRY IV. Part II. Act I. S. 2. *Fal.*

^f *peised*—poised.

^b *clutch*—clench, shut it fast.

^h *his fair angels*—coin.

ⁱ *But for*—But because.

A C T I I I . S C E N E I .

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be marry'd ! gone to swear a peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?
It is not so ; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard ;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :
It cannot be ; thou dost but say, 'tis so ;
I trust, I may not trust thee ; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man :
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears ;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
A woman, naturally born to fears :
And though thou now confests thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lew's marry Blanch ! Oh, boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Artb. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and ^k fightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, ^l swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, oh !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France.
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,

^k *fightless*]—unseemly.

^l *swart, prodigious,*]—swarthy, of a dark complexion—so deformed
as to be deemed an evil omen, portentous.

And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner ^m stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and ⁿ sorrow sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Throws herself on the ground.]

*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor,
 Faulconbridge, and Austria.*

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival :
 To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist ;
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,

^m *Stoop.*—In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of *Hero*, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that *a thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in *Leonato* and lady *Constance* produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature ? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn ; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help ; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. ⁿ *sorrows.*

The

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day !——

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done ;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among ° the high-tides, in the kalendar ?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes ° prodigiously be crost :
 ' But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck ;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made :
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
 Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now ' in arms you strengthen it with yours :
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is ' clad in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !

° *the bigb tides,*]—solemn festivals, or other remarkable occurrences.

° *prodigiously*]—by a birth that is prodigious, the production of a monster.

' *But*]—Save, except—lucky and unlucky days were formerly marked in almanacks. ' *in arms*]—in mutual embraces. ' *cold.*

Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, oh, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
 ' O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me !

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !—

' O Lymoges ! O Austria !]—Here *Shakespeare* hath conjoined the two well known enemies of *Richard* : the Duke of *Austria* once threw him into prison ; but he fell before the castle of *Vidomar*, Viscount of *Limoges*, by the arrow of *Bertrand de Gourdon*.

To

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from pope Innocent the legate here,
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn ; and, ^u force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England :
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
 So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;

^u *force perforce,*]—by main force.

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have ' room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law ' bar no wrong :
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

' room with Rome]—JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III. S. 1. *Ant.*

' bar]—obstruct.

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here;
In likeness of a new ¹ untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her ² faith,
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death ² of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keepe my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,

¹ *untrimmed*]—in a deshabille, disencumbered of the formalities of dress, of all nuptial pomp.—*and trimmed*—adorned, decked out to the utmost.
² *of faith,*]—belief. ² *of faith,*]—fidelity.

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
 And even before this truce, but new before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
 With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings :
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong ^a in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind ^b regret ?
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so :
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blest
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A ^c cased lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

^a *in both,*]—the former enmity, and present reconciliation.

^b *regret ?*]—interchange of salutations.

^c *cased*]—caged, pent up, irritated by confinement.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our church !
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself :
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss, ^d when it is truly done :
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
^e The truth is then most done not doing it :
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again ; ^f though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falshood falshood cures ; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept ;
 But thou hast sworn against religion :
 By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st ;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath : ^g The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear ?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :
 And better conquest never canst thou make,

^d *when it is truly done :*]—i. e. (as he explains it) “ *when it is not done at all,* ”—*Is most amiss.*

^e *The truth*]—This phrase implies, throughout this speech, *reliance of conduct.* ^f *though indirect,*]—though this course be so.

^g *The truth thou art unsure to swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;*]—In all matters of doubt, let not thy latter oaths contradict thy former.

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions :
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee ;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Faulc. Will't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lewis. Father, to arms !

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?
 Shall ^b braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
 Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp ?

O husband, hear me !—ah ! alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,
 Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Const. Oh, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love ; What motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 His honour : Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour !

Lewis. ¹ I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need :—England, I'll fall from
 thee.

^b *braying*]—harsh.

¹ *I muse,*]—I wonder, am surprised.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
 * Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : Fair day, adieu !
 Which is the side that I must go withal ?
 I am with both : each army hath a hand ;
 And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
 Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lives.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit Faulconbridge.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;
 A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie !

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Is it as he will ?*]—Is it referred to his decision ?

S C E N E II.

*A Field of Battle.**Alarums, Excursions: enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's head.*

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
 Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
 And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
 While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep thou this boy:—Cousin, make
 up;
 My mother is assailed in our tent,
 And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her;
 Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
 But on, my liege; for very little pains
 Will bring this labour to an happy end. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[To Elinor.]
 So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To Arthur.]
 Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
 As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Artb. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

¹ *Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, &c.*

K. John,

K. John. Cousin, away for England ; haste before :

[*To Faulconbridge.*

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty : ^a the fat ribs of peace
Must ^a by the hungry, now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faulc. ° Bell book and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Faulc.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*Taking him to one side of the stage.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherish'd.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,——
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

^a *The fat ribs of peace*]—the ecclesiastical revenues.

^a *by the hungry,*]—the hungry troops.

[°] *Bell book and candle*]—alluding to the Romish curse, pronounced by the priest during mass ; the book open, candles lighted, and sacring bell rung.

I had

I had a thing to say,—But let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full ^p of gawds,
 To give me aduience :—If the midnight bell
^a Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
 (Which, else, runs ' tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, ' keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But, ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were ' adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;

^p of gawds, to give me]—showy appearances, for thee to give me.

^a Had with his iron tongue and brazen mouth

Sounden unto, &c.—sounded unto, &c.—Sound one.

^t trickling.

^k keep]—abide in, display itself there,

^a adjunct]—annexed, united. POEMS, 481.

wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 is before me : Dost thou understand me ?
 art his keeper.

b. And I'll keep him so,
 he shall not offend your majesty.

John. Death.

b. My lord ?

John. A grave.

b. He shall not live.

John. Enough.

Id be merry now : Hubert, I love thee ;

I'll not say what I intend for thee :

member.—Madam, fare you well :

and those powers o'er to your majesty.

. My blessing go with thee !

John. For England, cousin, go :

art shall be your man, attend on you

all true duty.—On towards Calais, ho ! *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The French Court.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

ole " armado of collected sail

ster'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

id. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill ?

re not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?

ir ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?

bloody England into England gone,

bearing interruption, spite of France ?

mado of collected sail]—a fleet of war.—convicted—subdued.—
d.

Lewis.

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :
 So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
 Such temperate order * in so fierce a cause,
 Doth want example ; Who hath read, or heard,
 Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
 So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted * breath :—
 I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

K. Phil. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Con-
 stance !

Const. No, ' I defy all counsel, all redress,
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death :—Oh amiable lovely death !
 Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop † this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,

* *in so fierce a cause,*]—in a cause so precipitately conducted—*fierce*
course—conflict, course in the lists. † *breath :*]—mortality.

† *defy*]—reject with disdain.

“ All studies here I solemnly *defy*.”

HENRY IV. Part I. Act I. S. 3. *Hen.*

† *this gap of breath*]—my mouth.

And

And bufs thee as thy wife! Mifery's love,
Oh, come to me!

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a paffion would I shake the world;
And rouze from fleep that fell ^a anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which fcorns a ^b modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madnefs, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me fo;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Conftance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my fon, and he is loft:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I fould forget myfelf:
Oh, if I could, what grief fould I forget!—
Preach fome philofophy to make me mad,
And thou fhalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but fenfible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reafon
How I may be deliver'd of thefe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myfelf:
If I were mad, I fould forget my fon;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. Bind up thofe trefles: Oh, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thofe her hairs!
Where but by chance a filver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thoufand wiry friends
Do glew themfelves in fociable grief;

^a *anatomy*,]—fkeleton.

^b *modern*]—common, ordinary.—*mother's*.

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England; if you will.

[*Giving some of her hairs to the wind.*]

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
*Ob that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!*
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard 'you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday 'suspire,
There was not such a 'gracious creature' born,
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. 'He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

^c *suspire,*]—begin to breathe.

^d *gracious*]—graceful.

"Why, that word makes the faults *gracious*."

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, Vol. I. p. 135. *Lear.*

^e *He talks to me, that never had a son.*]—

MACHETH, Act IV. S. 3. *Macd.*

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her bead-dress.]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! *[Exit.]*

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. *[Exit.]*

Lewis. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all shew evil :

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no : when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won :

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit ;

For

For even the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, ma
 John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
 That John may stand then, Arthur needs must fall
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wi
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. ' How green you are, and fresh in this old v
 John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :
 For he, that steeps his safety in ^e true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it :
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
^a No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

^f *How green you are, and fresh*]—How raw and inexperienced

^e *true*]—innocent.

^a *No scape of nature,*]—monstrous

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity : If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as ¹ a call
² To train ten thousand English to their side ;
Or, as a little ¹ snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent :
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make ³ strong actions : Let us go ;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exit.

¹ *a call*]—a decoy bird, set to draw others to the net.

² *To train*]—To entice. ¹ *snow*,]—snow-ball.

³ *strange*.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*England.**Northampton. A Room in the Castle.**Enter Hubert, and executioners.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth ;
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. ^a Uncleanly scruple ! Fear not you : look to't.

[*Exeunt executioners*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Artb. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Artb. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Artb. Mercy on me !

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I :
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my ° christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt

^a *Uncleanly*—Unbecoming.

° *christendom*,]—faith.

My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
 No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. *[Aside.]*

Artb. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur—— *[Shewing a paper.]*
 How now, foolish rheum ! *[Aside.]*

Turning dispiteous torture out of door ?
 I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Artb. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul^p effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Artb. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Artb. Have you the heart ? When your head did but
 ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
 And, ^q like the watchful minutes to the hour,

^p a fault.

^q like the watchful minutes to the hour,]—the minutes in a clock,
 which relieve by marking how much of a tedious hour is gone, or to
 come.

Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time ;
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince,
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning : Do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Artb. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence :
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
 And if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue, but Hubert's.

[Hubert stamps, and the men enter.]

Hub. Come forth ; do as I bid you do.

Artb. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Artb. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,

And

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily :
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Artb. Alas, I then have chid away my friend ;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Artb. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Artb. O heaven !—that there were but a ' moth in yours,
 A grain, a duff, a gnat, a wandring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Artb. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
 Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
 Though to no use, but still to look on you !
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, ' boy.

Artb. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 ' In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself ;

' note.

' In undeserv'd extremes :]—acts of cruelty.

There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Artb. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
 And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office : only you do lack
 That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, ' see to live ; I will not touch thine eye
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Artb. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Artb. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt*]

' *see to live ;*]—think how to live, and take no more thought about
 your eyes ; they're safe enough.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*The Court of England.**Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
 And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. "This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
 Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
 With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
 This act is as an ancient tale new told ;
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured :
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
 Startles and frights consideration ;
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

" *This once again,*]—This was the *fourth time*.

" *To guard*]—Ornament with fringe, lace, or other foppery.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They ^z do confound their skill in covetousness :
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
 As patches, set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the ^y fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
 We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
 To over-bear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
 Since all and every part of what we would,
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have ^z possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
 And more, more strong. (when lesser is my fear)
 I shall endue you with : Mean time, but ask
 What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;
 And well shall you perceive, how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
^z To sound the purposes of all their hearts)
 Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them
 Bend their best studies) heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument,—
 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,

^z *do confound their skill in covetousness :*]—defeat, frustrate all the efforts of their ingenuity thro' their emulation, their eager thirst after unattainable excellence. ^y *fault,*]—blemish—flaw.

^z *possess'd*]—acquainted.

“ ————— Is he yet *possess'd*

“ How much you would ?”

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Vol. II. p. 96. *Anth.*

^z *To sound*]—To declare.

Why

Why should your fears (which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise?
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit
 That you have bid us ask, his liberty;
 Which for our goods we do no further ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
 He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,

^b *Between his purpose and his conscience,]*—Between his conscious guilt, and aim to hide it—Between his horrid design, and the dread of accomplishing it, the king's mind is violently agitated.

The

The suit which you demand is gone and dead ;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we hear'd how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :—
‘ So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ‘ ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent :
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast ; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm ;
Pour down thy weather :—How goes all in France ?

Mes. ‘ From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land !

‘ So thrive it in your game !]—May your game thrive as it deserves,
from your management of the cards ; may the issue answer the outset,
‘ ow'd]—own'd.

‘ From France to England.]—All goes from France, &c.

The

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou say
so?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full
of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
 O, let me have no ^a subject enemies,
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
 And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
 Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
 And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, ^b five moons were seen to-night:

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear;
 And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
 Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

^a *subjects.* ^b *five moons*]—*Fabyan's Chronicle*, Part VII. fol. xii.

Standing ¹ on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did not you provoke
me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
^k Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

¹ *on slippers*]—shaped exactly to each foot, the extremities spreading more to the outside than to the inside.

^k *Quoted,*]—Pointed out distinctly.

“ He's *quoted* for a most perfidious slave.”

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Vol. II. p. 465. *Ber.*

Finding

Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
 pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;
 Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in ¹ the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand ;
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
² The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,

¹ *the body of this fleshly land,*]—this my natural body.

² *The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,*]—Even the horrid idea,
 or premeditation of murder.

And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the p
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Em*

S C E N E III.

A Street before a Prison.

Enter Arthur on the Walls.

Artb. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !——
There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [*Leaps do*
Oh me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !
[*L*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's—bu
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pe

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
 Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward : for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !
 The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest'd himself of us ;
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks :
 Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were
 best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, ° reason now.

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief ;
 Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir ; impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely
 beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

° *Whose private with me,*]—Whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than this letter.

° *reason now.*]—are now expressed.

Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to ^p the grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
'That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
^a The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

^p *the glaive—the sword.*

^a *The practice,*]—contrivance, plot.

'ill I have ' set a glory to this hand,

[*Laying bold on one of Artbur's.*

' giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
rthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
vaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? [Drawing his sword.

Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;
y heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
would not have you, lord, forget yourself ;
ot tempt the danger of my ' true defence ;
est I, by marking of your rage, forget
our worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman !

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
[y innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. ' Do not prove me so ;
et, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
ot truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury :

Set a glory to this hand,]—rendered it famous, by the exemplary
'geance I shall take on the perpetrators of this foul deed.

'true defence ;]—proper, able, skilful ; in a just cause.

'Do not prove me so ;]—put me to this dangerous proof of my ipno-
nce ;—by provoking me to kill you.

K I N G J O H N .

thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
I'll so maul you and your toasting iron,
that you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bigot. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt*]

Faulc. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this
work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faulc. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Faulc. If thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 And, if 'thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
 I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug, and "scamble, and to part by the teeth
 The "un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
 * The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

* *scramble.*

* *un-owed*]—having no proper owner.

* *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*]—The speedy destruction of a prince, whose crown is on the point of being wrested from him.

K I N G J O H N.

happy he, whose ¹ cloak and cincture can
out this tempest. Bear away that child,
follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
ousand businesses are ² brief in hand,
heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exe

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [Giving up the cro

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Sovereign your greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet
French ;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt ;
Our people quarrel with obedience ;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this temp
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :

¹ cloak and cincture]—garments.

² brief in hand,]—in hand, and ask despatch.

t, since you are a ^agentle convertite,
 r tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 d make fair weather in your blustering land.
 this Ascension-day, remember well,
 on your oath of service to the pope,
 I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 r, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
 r crown I should give off? Even so I have :
 did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
 t, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out,
 t Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
 ke a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
 our nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 o offer service to your enemy ;
 id wild amazement hurries up and down
 ie little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 iter they heard young Arthur was alive ?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets ;
 i empty casket, where the jewel of life,
 r some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 it wherefore do you droop? why look you sad ?

great in act, as you have been in thought ;
 et not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
 overn the motion of a kingly eye :

be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 hreaten the threatener, and out-face the brow

^a gentle convertite,]—an humble penitent.

Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away ; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field :
Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den ?
And fright him there ; and make him tremble there ?
Oh, let it not be said !—^b Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league !
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,
And ^c flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage ; ^d yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

^b *Forage,*—Range abroad.

^c *flesh*—initiate.

^d *yet, I know, our party may well meet a prouder foe.*—for all this boasting, I know we are able to cope with a more formidable adversary.

S C E N E II.

The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Rigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return * the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seek a plaister by ' contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many : Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker ; oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends !
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;

* *the precedent*]—the rough draft of the treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. ' *contemn'd*]—degrading, making despicable.
Wherein

Wherein we step after a stranger march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw ^a and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause)
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not ^b to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
^c Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend those waters to these baby eyes,

^a and weep upon the spot of this enforced cause)—lament the fatal necessity of this our defection. ^b mis-spend.

^c Between compulsion, and a brave respect!]—In reconciling to thy patriot breast this recourse to foreign arms, though the only means of procuring a reform in the state.

That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
 For met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
 And on our actions set the name of right,
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
 The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome :
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
 I am too high-born to be property'd,
 To be a secondary at controul,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chafis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;

* *And even there, methinks, an angel spake :]*—Methinks my last words
 were prophetic ; for, lo, the legate hastes to confirm them.

And

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
 And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have 'bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er ^m the yielded set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside, or inside, I will not return
 'Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 ' To out-look conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sound*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

bank'd]—approach'd, sail'd by the *banks* of.

yielded set?]—the prize I've gain'd. *To out-look*]—to seek

Enter Faulconbridge, attended.

Faulc. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you dealt for him ;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties ;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
• This unhair'd sawciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you ^p take the hatch ;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;
To crouch in litter of your ^a stable planks ;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at ^r the crying of your nation's crow,

• *This unhair'd sawciness,*]—This insult offer'd by a *beardless* youth—
unbeard. ^p *take the hatch* ;]—skulk behind it.

^a *stable planks* ;]—stalls.

^r *the crying of your nation's crow,*]—the sound of K. John's name,
that *scare-crow* of the French, as *Talbot* is stiled. HENRY VI. Part I.
Act I. S. 4.

“ *The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword.*” Act II. S. 1. *Sal.*
Thinking

Thinking this voice an armed Englishman ;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
 And like an eagle o'er his ' aiery towers,
 To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy ' brave, and turn thy face in
 peace;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us : fare thee well ;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a " brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither :—

Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand

* *aiery*]—brood.

* *brave,*]—menace, boast.

* *brabler*]—brawler, prater,

rusting to this halting legate here,
 (he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
 like John; and in his forehead sits
 e-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
 st upon whole thousands of the French.
Is. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Ac. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John, and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
 Hubert.

H. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
 heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

M. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
 as your majesty to leave the field;
 send him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

M. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
 was expected by the Dauphin here,
 wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.

news was brought to Richard but even now:
 French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
 will not let me welcome this good news.—

n towards Swinstead: to my litter straight;

ness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*The French Camp.**Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.**Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.*Pemb.* Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.*Pemb.* They say, king John, fore sick, hath left the field—*Enter Melun wounded, and led by Soldiers.**Melun.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.*Pemb.* It is the count Melun.*Sal.* Wounded to death.*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;
* Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet ;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
* He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-bury ;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.*Sal.* May this be possible ! may this be true !*Melun.* Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life ;* *Untbread the rude eye of rebellion,*]—Clear it from all film, that it
may see the path back to duty ;—lay aside the rude work,* *The Dauphin.*

Which—

bleeds away, even as ' a form of wax
 h from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 the world should make me now deceive,
 must lose the use of all deceit?
 ould I then be false; since it is true
 must die here, and live hence by truth?
 in, if Lewis do win the day,
 rsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 nother day break in the east:
 i this night,—whose black contagious breath
 smokes about the burning crest
 old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 is ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 the fine ² of rated treachery,
 th a treacherous ² fine of all your lives,
 s by your assistance win the day.
 id me to one Hubert, with your king;
 e of him,—and this respect besides,
 my grandfire was an Englishman,—
 my conscience to confess all this.
 whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 rth the noise and rumour of the field;
 may think the remnant of my thoughts
 ; and part this body and my soul
 ntemplation and devout desires.
 Ve do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
 o love the favour and the form
 most fair occasion, by the which
 untread the steps of damned flight;
 ce a bated and retired flood, .

² of wax]—an image made by witches.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Vol. I. p. 457. *Cloud.*
rated treachery,]—at which treason is rated.
 -conclusion, termination.

Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
^b Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends ! New flight ;
^c And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off Melun.]

S C E N E V.

A different Part of the French Camp.

Enter Lewis, and his train.

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set ;
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own ground
 In faint retire : Oh, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needles shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night ;
 And wound our ^d tatter'd colours ^e clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it !—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin ?

Lewis. Here :—What news ?

Mes. The count Melun is slain ; the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off :
 And your ^{*} supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

^b *Right*—Plainly, strongly indicated, full in view there.

^c *And happy newness, that intends old right.*—Change of mind, *En.*
 sent on returning to ancient duty and allegiance.

^d *tatter'd.*

^e *clearly.*

^{*} *supply.*

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
 did not think to be so sad to-night,
 As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
 King John did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mef. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good 'quarter, and good care to-
 night:
 The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V I.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I
 shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whether dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
 Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
 will, upon all hazards, well believe
 Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
 Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
 Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
 I come one way of the Plantagenets.

'quarter,]—order.

A a 2

Hub.

Hub. ^a Unkind remembrance ! thou, and eyeless night
Have done me shame :— Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come ; sans compliment, what news
abroad ?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news ;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
^b Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

Hub. A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

Hub. Why, know you not, the lords are all come back
And brought prince Henry in their company ?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them ;
And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power !—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,

^a *Unkind remembrance !*]—Not to remember thee.

^b *Than had you at less leisure*—when you were less prepared.

These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;
 Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
 Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;
 I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Orchard in Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late ; the life of all his blood
 Is touch'd ¹ corruptibly ; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief,
 That, being brought into the open air,
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison that assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
 Doth he still rage ?

Pemb. He is more patient
 Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,
 In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them ² insensible : his siege is now,
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
 With many legions of strange fantasies ;

¹ *corruptively.*

² *invisible.*

Which, in their ¹ throng and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
 sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death ;
 And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
 To set a form upon ^m that indigest
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;
 It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
 Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsook, cast off :
 And none of you will bid the winter come,
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom ; nor intreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
 I beg cold comfort ; and you are so ⁿ strait,
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
 That might relieve you !

¹ *throng and press to that last hold,*]—tumult and hurry in resorting
 to that last tenable part.

^m *that indigest*]—chaos.

ⁿ *strait*]—niggardly.

K. John. The salt of them is hot.—
 Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
 On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And ° spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt ;
 And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered ;
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
 Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the washes, all unwarily,
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. *[The king dies.]*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
 My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Faulc. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
 To do the office for thee of revenge ;
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

• *spleen of speed*—excessive haste,

A a 4

Now,

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
 Where be your powers? Shew now ^p your mended faiths;
 And instantly return with me again,
 To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be fought;
 The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not so much as we:
 The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
 Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
 And brings from him such offers of ^q our peace
 As we with honour and respect may take,
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
 Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
 For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
 To the disposing of the cardinal:
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post
 To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
 With other princes that may best be spar'd,
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
 For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
 And happily may your sweet self put on
 The lineal state and glory of the land!
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee,

^p your mended faiths;]—yourselves true, as heretofore, to the
English. ^q fair.

I do

queath my faithful services
 ie subjection everlastingly.

And the like tender of our love we make,
 without a spot for evermore.

I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
 Iows not how to do it, but with tears.

. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
 t hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

England never did (nor never shall)

the proud foot of a conqueror,

on it first did help to wound itself.

else ' her princes are come home again,

ie three corners of the world in arms,

shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,

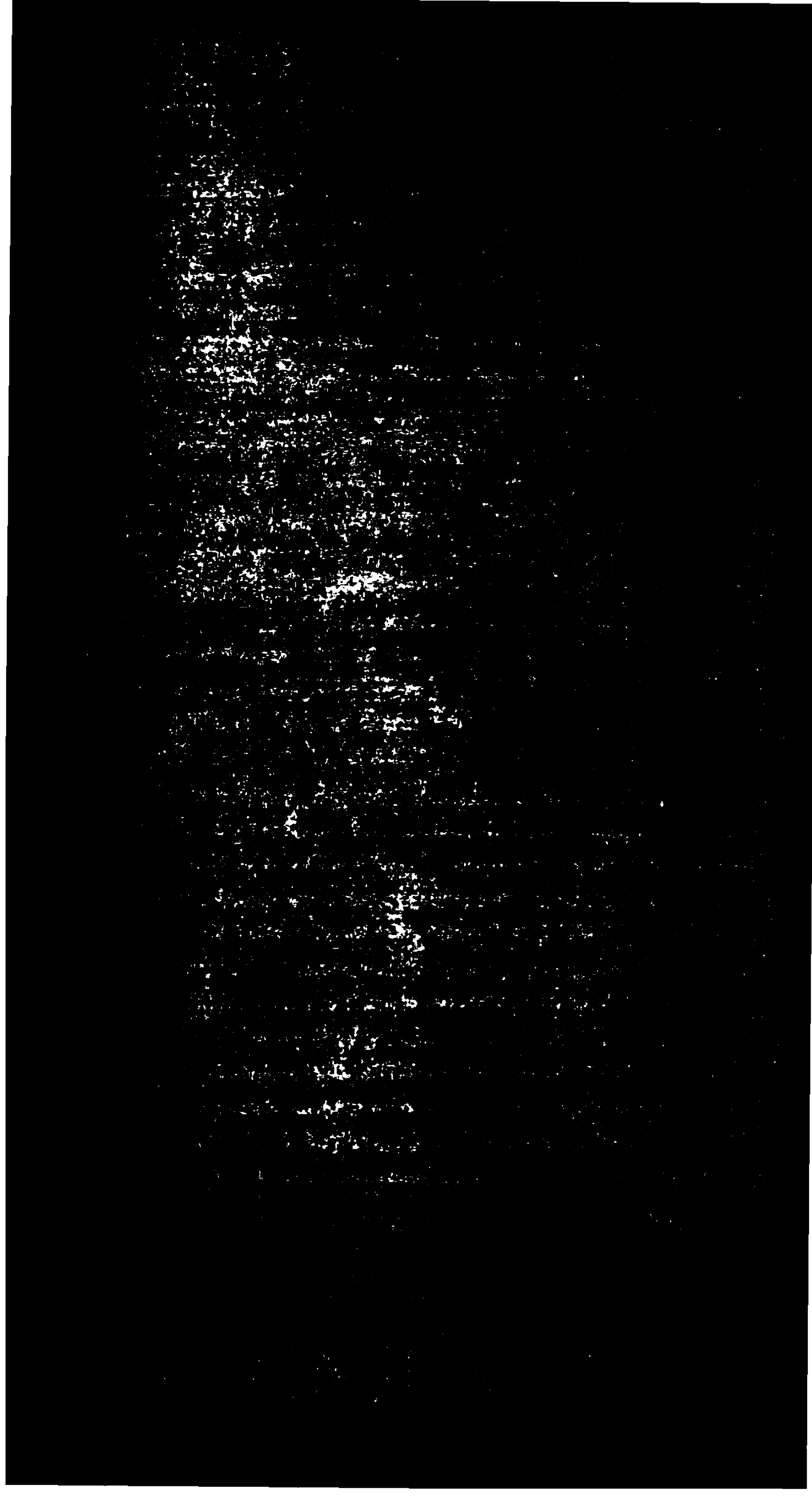
and to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

it hath been beforehand with our griefs..]—Since we've already
 o much from the time.

inces—revolted peers.

K I N G



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND of LANGLEY, Duke of York, } Uncles to the
JOHN of GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, } King.

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford,
afterwards King Henry the Fourth, Son to JOHN of GAUNT.

DUKE of AUMERLE, now Albermarle, a Town in Nor-
mandy, Son to the Duke of York.

MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE of SURREY.

EARL of SALISBURY.

LORD BERKLEY.

BUSHY,

BAGOT,

GREEN,

} Creatures to KING RICHARD.

EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND.

PERCY, Son to NORTHUMBERLAND.

LORD ROSS, now Roos, one of the Duke of Rutland's Titles.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP of CARLISLE.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP,

LORD MARSHAL ; and another Lord.

ABBOT of WESTMINSTER.

SIR PIERCE of EXTON.

Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

QUEEN to KING RICHARD.

DUTCHESS of GLOSTER.

DUTCHESS of YORK.

Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other
Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly, in ENGLAND and WALES.

* * THIS PLAY, like the former, was taken from our old English Historians, chiefly from *Holinshed*, whose very language, as well as arguments, *Shakspeare* sometimes adopts, with very small variation : It was written about the year 1597, and comprises little more than the transactions of the two last years of this Prince's reign.

T H E

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other nobles and attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and ^aband,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he ^bappeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

^a *band*,]—bond, pledge.

^b *appeal*]—accuse.

High-

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mowb. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
'As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my 'right-drawn sword may
prove.

^c *right-drawn*—drawn in a right, or just cause.

Mowb.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :
 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ;
 The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this :
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain ;
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ^d ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground ^e inhabitable
 Where ^f ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my ^ggage
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a king ;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoken, or thou ^h canst devise.

^d *ridges of the Alps,*]—the *Alps* lying in ridges.

^e *unhabitable.*

^f *ever*]—never.

^g *gage,*]—glove, gauntlet, earnest of challenging.

^h *canst worse devise*—imagine more infamous..

Mowb. I take it up ; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, than can ¹ inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true ;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand ^k nobles,
¹ In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,——
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death ;
^m Suggest his soon-believing adversaries ;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement ;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

¹ *inherit us*]—possess, inspire us with.

^k *nobles*,]—coin rated at 6s. 8d.

¹ *In name of lendings*,]—Granted for the payment of.

^m *Suggest*]—Stir up by false insinuations, tempt, seduce.

K. Rich.

K. Ricb. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Ricb. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears :
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son)
Now by my scepter's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his highness' soldiers :
The other part reserv'd I by consent ;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a " dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,——
I slew him not ; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,—
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it ; and ° exactly begg'd :
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

" *dear account,*]—a considerable sum.

° *exactly*]—expressly.

This is my fault : As for ^p the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Ricb. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :—
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Ricb. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

R. Ricb. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; ^q there is no
 boot.

Mowb. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame ;
 The one, my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 (Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and ^r baffled here ;
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;

^p *the rest appeal'd,*]—the remainder of the charge.

^q *there is no boot.*]—'tis in vain to delay, or refuse.

^r *baffled*]—contumeliously treated.

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Ricb. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots : take but my
shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—Spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded ' loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Ricb. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin !
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
Or with pale ' beggar face impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
' The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Ricb. We were not born to sue, but to command :
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

' loam,]—plaster.

' beggar face impeach my height]—a face of supplication—*beggar-fear*
—fully my high descent.

' The slavish motive of recanting fear ;]—The member *mev'd* to speak
thus slavishly.

At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day ;
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
 Since we cannot ^{reconcile} you, you shall see
 Justice ^{mark out} decide the victor's chivalry.—
 Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

*The Duke of Lancaster's Palace.**Enter Gaunt, and Dutchess of Gloster.*

Gaunt. Alas ! ^{reconcile} the part I had in Gloster's blood
 Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But, ^{design} since correction lieth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
 Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches, springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
 One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;

^{reconcile} you,]—reconcile you.^{design}—mark out:^{the part I had in Gloster's blood}]—the relation I bore to Gloster.

Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
 That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I ²complain myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
 O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

² *complain*—bewail.

^a A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell : I must to Coventry :
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Dutch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth where
it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun ;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what ?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and ^b unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans ?
Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow—That dwells every where :
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die ;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Lists, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

^a *A caitiff recreant*]—A wretch reduced so low as to cry out for mercy.

^b *unfurnish'd*]—naked—In our old castles the stone walls were covered with tapestry, hung upon hooks, whence it was readily removed, together with the family.

Mar.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aun. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing, but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*]

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with Gaunt, Busby, Bagot, and others: when they are set, enter the duke of Norfolk in armour.

K. Ricb. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms :
Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
[*To Mowbray.*]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms ;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel :
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath,
° As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Mowb. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven ° defend, a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and ° his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour.

K. Ricb. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

° *And.*

° *defend,*]—forbid.

° *my.*

Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
 And formally according to our law
 ' Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou
 hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists ? [*To Boling.*
 Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
 Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;
 And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
 Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists ;
 Except the marshal, and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
 And bow my knee before his majesty :
 For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
 And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
[*To K. Rich.*

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
 Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear

' Depose him]—Examine him upon his oath.

For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :
 As confident, as is the faulcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
 My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;—
 Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle ;—
 Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
 But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.——
 So, as at English feasts, so I ^h regret
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
 Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[To Gaunt.

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,—
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's ¹ waxen coat,
 And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
 Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on ^k the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
 Couze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and saint George ¹ to thrive !

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

¹ *My loving lord, &c.*]—To the Lord Marshal, *T. Holland*, Duke of Surrey.

^h *regret*]—salute.

¹ *waxen coat*,]—as easily to be penetrated by me, as if composed of wax ;—flexible.

^k *the casque*]—helmet.

¹ *to thrive* !]—I invoke their aid,

His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 " This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
 As gentle, and as jocund, as " to jest,
 Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Receive thy lance ; and heaven defend the right !

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk ;

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
 Courageously, and with a free desire,
 Attending but the signal to begin. [*A charge sounded.*]

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.
 Stay, the king has thrown his ° warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
 And both return back to their chairs again :—

" *This feast of battle*]—War is death's feast.

" *to jest,*]—to bear a part in a revel, or mask. ° *warder*]—truncheon.

With—

Withdraw with us ;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

*[A long flourish ; after which, the king
speaks to the combatants.]*

Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords ;
[And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
' To wake our peace, which in our own country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,—
Therefore, we banish you our territories.—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
' Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not ' regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The fly-flow hours shall not determinate

' To wake our peace,]—by these tumultuous jars.

' regret]—revisit.

The dateless limit of thy ' dear exile ;—
 The hopeless word of—never to return,
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
 ' A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego :
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have ' engoal'd my tongue,
 Doubly ' portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me,
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be ' compassionate ;
 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee,
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

' dear]—sad, dreadful, fatal.

' A dearer mede, and not, &c.—A better reward.

' engoal'd]—imprisoned.

' portcullis'd,]—barr'd.

' compassionate,]—plaintive, to deplore thy fate.

² (Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
 To keep the oath that we administer :—
 You never shall, (so help you truth and heaven !)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
 Nor ever look upon each other's face ;
 Nor ever write, ⁷ regret, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
 Nor never by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—² so far as to mine enemy ;—
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm ;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
 Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
² Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*]

K. Ricb. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect

² (Our part therein)—Our claim to your allegiance.

⁷ regret,]—mutually salute, address each other in any friendly manner.

² so far as to mine enemy ;]—so far have I addressed thee as mine enemy ; take my last advice *friendly*, as I give it.

² Save back to England, all the world's my way.]—Except returning to England ; the whole world beside is open before me.

Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,

[*To Boling.*

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings !

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Ricb. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou can'st give :
Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Ricb. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a ^b party-verdict gave ;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father :—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild :

^b *party-verdict*]—was a party in the verdict.

A partial slander fought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Ricb. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*
[*Exit.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages ; and in the end,

5 *A partial slander*]—The imputation of partiality.

Having

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.

^a Think not, the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee ; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, ^c the presence strow'd ;
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more,
Than a delightful measure or a dance :
For ^c gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

^a *Think not, the king did banish thee ; but thou the king :]—*

" You common cry of curs ! —————

" ————— I banish you. CORIOLANUS, Act III. S. 3. C ——— or.

^c *the presence strow'd ;]—the presence chamber, strow'd with rushes.*
HENRY IV. Part I. Act III. S. 1. *Gl ——— and.*

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil,
adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,——
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I V.

The Court.

*Enter King Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door, and the
Lord Aumerle at the other.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with
him?

Aum. Farewell:
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Ricb. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt,
 When time shall call him home from banishment,
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people :—
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar courtesy ;
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
 Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;—*
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.
 Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;—
 * Expedient manage must be made, my liege ;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Ricb. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
 And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand : If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have ^a blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall ¹ subscribe them for large sums of gold,

* *Expedient*]—Expeditions.

^a *blank charters ;*]—warrants to levy money.

¹ *subscribe them for large sums of gold,*]—enforce them by their signatures to advance.

And

And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Busby.

K. Ricb. Busby, what news?

Busby. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To intreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Ricb. Where lies he?

Busby. At Ely-house.

K. Ricb. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late!

[Exeunt.]

A C T I I. S C E N E I.

London.

A Room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in, sick: with the duke of York.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to ^k glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,
(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest) last,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past :
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No ; it is stop'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state : then, there are found
Lascivious ^l meeters ; to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen :

^m Reports of fashions in proud Italy ;
Whole manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base awkward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth ⁿ mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse ;
[']Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :—
His ^o rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves : .
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder :

^k glose ;]—flatter, deceive.

^l meeters ;]—persons about him ; *metres*—verses, ditties.

^m Reports]—Reporters.

“ And have my learning from some true reports.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, ACT II. S. 2. *Ant.*

ⁿ mutiny with wit's regard.]—rebel against reason.

^o rash]—hasty.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming ^p means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise;
 This fortrefs, built by nature for herself,
 Against ^a infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 ' Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry)
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
 Like to a tenement, or ^c pelting farm:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious ^c siege
 Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
^a With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,

^p means,]—that feed it, of its subsistence.

^a infection,]—pestilence, from its insular situation; the contagion of continental vices.

^c Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,]—For their hereditary valour. ^c pelting]—paltry. ^c surge of angry Neptune.

^a With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds,]—alluding to the vast sums raised by loans, &c. in this reign.

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :
 Ah ! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Busby, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
 For young hot colts, being * rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What comfort, man ? How is't with aged
 Gaunt ?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition !
 * Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks ;
 And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt :
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men then flatter those that live ?

Gaunt. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh ! no ; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

* rag'd,]—rated at.

* Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :]—emaciated, meagre, hollow.—*Ghent.*

Gaunt. Now, he that made me, knows I see thee ill ;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee :
 ' A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 Oh, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame ;
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Who art possess'd now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame, to let this land by lease :
 But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 ' Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law ;
 And——

K. Ricb. —Thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,

¹ *A thousand flatterers,*]—whose tongues will sooth thee to thy ruin.

² *Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;*]—By farming out thy royalties, thy sovereignty is become amenable to laws, from which it was formerly exempt.

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed^d kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,—
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,

^d kerns;]—boors, foot soldiers.

^e About his marriage,]—The match agreed upon with the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French King, but prevented by Richard.

And not against his friends : his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 Oh, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Ricb. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York. O, my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?
 Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford live ?
 Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights ;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true !)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in his letters patent that he hath
 By his attornies-general to sue
 ' His livery, and deny his ' offer'd homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

^f *His livery,*]—The delivery of his lands upon the payment of crown's dues.

^s *offer'd homage,*]—the service by which he is to hold them.

icb. Think what you will ; we seize into our hands
 te, his goods, his money, and his lands.

. I'll not be by the while : My liege, farewell :
 will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;

bad courses may be understood,
 heir events can never fall out good. *[Exit.*

ick. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight ;
 m repair to us to Ely-house,

this business : To-morrow next
 ll for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow ;

e create, in absence of ourself,
 icle York lord-governor of England,
 : is just, and always lov'd us well.—

on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
 ry, for our time of stay is short. *[Flourish.*

[Exeunt king, queen, &c.

ib. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

o. Barely in title, not in revenue.

ib. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

. My heart is great ; but it must break with silence,
 e disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

ib. Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er speak
 more,

peaks thy words again, to do thee harm !

o. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Here-
 ford ?

e so, out with it boldly, man ;

is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

. No good at all, that I can do for him ;

you call it good, to pity him,

and gelded of his patrimony.

ib. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are
 borne,

In

In him a royal prince, and many more
 Of noble blood in this declining land.
 The king is not himself, but basely led
 By flatterers; and what they will, inform,
 Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
 That will the king severely prosecute
 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The commons hath he ^h pill'd with grievous taxes,
 And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts,

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
 As—ⁱ blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
 But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
 But basely yielded upon compromise
 That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
 More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
 His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
 But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate king!
 But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
 We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
 And yet we ⁱ strike not, but securely perish.

Rofs. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
 And unavoids is the danger now,
 For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

^h pill'd]—pillaged.

ⁱ blanks, benevolences,]—warrants not filled up,—gratuities, a new species of imposition.

ⁱ strike not,]—do not contract, or lower them.

North.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering: but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rofs. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
* That late broke from the duke of Exeter;
His ¹ brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Quint,—

All these, well furnished by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
^m Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem ⁿ from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

* *That late broke from the duke of Exeter;*]—The name of the person, to whom this circumstance relates, is unaccountably omitted in this list; it was *Thomas*, son and heir of the late earl of *Arundel*, and nephew to the deposed Archbishop. ¹ *uncle.*

^m *Imp out*]—Eke out, supply with fresh feathers.

ⁿ *from broking pawn*]—out of the hands of the pawn-broker.

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 fore than your lord's departure weep not ; more's not
 seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
 persuades me, it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
 cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
 is, ^a though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
 makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bussy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
 from some fore-father grief ; mine is not so ;
 For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
 but what it is, that is not yet known ; what
 cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heaven save your majesty !—and well met,
 gentlemen :—

hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope, he is ;
 for his designs crave haste, his haste good hope ;
 then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have ' retir'd his power,
 and driven into despair an enemy's hope,

^a *though, in thinking, on no thought I think,*]—though I have not an
 lea of any distinct calamity.

^b *For nothing hath, &c.*]—Whether the cause of this my premature
 concern be real or imaginary, it can never be properly ascribed to
 conceit, whose constant basis is some past occurrence.

^c *'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;*—What I thus severely anticipate
 yet in embryo. ^d *retir'd*]—drawn back.

Who

Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
 The banish'd Bolingbroke " repeals himself,
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
 At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,—
 The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry,
 The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
 And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors ?

Green. We have : whereupon the earl of Worcester
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
 And all the household servants fled with him
 To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
 And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
 I will despair, and be at enmity
 With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,
 A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
 Oh, full of careful business are his looks !——
 Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

" *repeals himself,*]—hath recalled himself, abrogated his sentence of exile.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts :
omfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Our husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Mirrah,

Let thee to ^v Plasby, to my sister Gloster ;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :
Sold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, as I came by, and called there ;—
But I shall grieve thee to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutchess dy'd.

York. Heaven for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
Know not what to do :—I would to heaven,
So my ^x untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?—
How shall we do for money for these wars ?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say ; pray, pardon me.—

^v *Plasby,*]—a town in *Essex*, belonging to the Dutches of *Gloster*.

^x *untruth*]—treachery, disloyalty.

^y *Come, sister,*]—Thinking on the late Dutches,

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[*To the servant.*]

And bring away the armour that is there.—

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—

The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; the other again,

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you:—² Go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.

I should to Plashy too;—

But time will not permit:—All is uneyen,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

Busby. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power,

Proportionable to the enemy,

Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love

Lies in their purses; and who so empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,

Because we have been ever near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

² ————Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.

Busby.

Bussy. Thither will I with you : for little office
: hateful commons will perform for us ;
: ept, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
ll you go along with us ?

Bagot. No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
ewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
: three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bussy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
-numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
ere one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bussy. Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

n a stranger here in Glostershire.

ese high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,

aw out our miles, and make them wearisome :

d yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

aking the hard way sweet and delectable.

:, I bethink me, what a weary way,

om Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found

Rofs, and Willoughby, wanting your company ;

rich, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

e tediousness and process of my travel :

: theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

e present benefit that I possess :

D d 2

And

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
 Than hope enjoy'd : by this, the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
 Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
 Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
 health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
 Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
 The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ?
 He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
 But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
 To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;
 And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
 What power the duke of York hath levy'd there ;
 Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot,
 Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
 I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;
 Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
 To more approved service and desert.

Boling.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,
count myself in nothing else so happy,
as in a soul remembering my good friends;
and, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
and in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Hoody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?—

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess,

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, * my answer is to Lancaster;
and I am come to seek that name in England;
and I must find that title in your tongue,
before I make reply to aught you say.

* my answer is to Lancaster;]—I answer to no name but Lancaster.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of ^b the absent time,
And fright our native peace with ^c self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
^d But more then: Why? Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
^e And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

^b *the absent time.*]—the king's absence.

^c *self-born arms.*]—born without commission.

^d *But then more why; &c.*—*But more than why; &c.*—*But more than this; why, &c.*

^e *And ostentation of despised arms?*]—And boastful display of arms, which in my character of regent, I despise.

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;
 Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;
 In what condition stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
 In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs ^a with an indifferent eye :
 You are my father, for, methinks, in you
 I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths ? ^b Wherefore was I born ?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his ^c wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

^a *In what condition*]—In what degree of guilt.

^b *with an indifferent eye :*]—impartially.

^c *Wherefore was I born ?*]—What avail high birth, and lineal succession ?

^d *wrongs,*]—wrongers, such as had injured him : the metaphor is taken from stag-hunting.

I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attornies are deny'd me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Will. Base men * by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
 But for his own : and, for the right of that,
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
 And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my power is weak, and all ill left :
 But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

* *by his endowments*]—through his possessions bestowed on them.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
 But we must win your grace, to go with us
 To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
 By Busby, Bagot, and their complices,
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
 Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
 Things past redress, are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,
 Willoughby, with Busby and Green, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
 Busby, and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd ¹ clean.
 You have, in manner, with your ² sinful hours,
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;

¹ *clean.*]—totally.

² *sinful hours,*]—pernicious counsels, opportunities wickedly employed.

Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs:
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
 'Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
 Whilst you have fed upon my ^a signories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
 From mine own windows torn my household coat,
 Raz'd out my ^o impress, leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Busby. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.—

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—* Come, my lords, away;
 A while to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.]

^a *signories,*]—lordships.

^o *impress,*]—motto.

* ————— Come, my lords, away,

(To fight with Clendower and his complices)

* A while to work, and, after, holiday.

S C E N E II.

In Wales.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, ^p to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death of kings—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exeunt.*

^p to enjoy by rage and war:—in hopes of enjoying by rapine and violence.

S C E N E III.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.

Flourish: drums and trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother^a from her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in^r meeting;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

* Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

^a *with.*

^r *weeping.*

* *Guard it,]*—Place an adder there by way of guard.

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you
king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching 'eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea

‘—————eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe.

Can wash * the balm from an anointed king ;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord :
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
 Than ~~this~~ weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :

Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; Why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Ricb. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And, 'till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

K. Ricb. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?
 Awake, thou * sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.

* *the balm*]—oil of consecration.

* *coward*.

* Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject⁷ strikes
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
 Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
 The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:
 Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
 The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
 White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

* Is not the king's name forty thousand names?—

“ Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.”

KING RICHARD III. ACT V. S. 3. *K. Rich.*

⁷ strikes]—the flag, vails to.

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and ^a clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

^a Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

^b Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.

^c Where is the earl of Wiltshire?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:—

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

^a clap.

^a Thy very beadsmen]—Almsmen fed by thy bounty.

^b Of double-fatal yew]—Its leaves are poisonous, and its branches, when converted into bows, the instruments of death.

^c Where is the earl of Wiltshire?—where is Bagot?

K. Rich.

K I N G R I C H A R D I I.

K. Ricb. No matter where ; of comfort no man sp
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;——
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Have our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
 And that ' small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have ' depos'd ;
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Sleeps death his court : and there the antic sits,
 Offering his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 To sing him with self and vain conceit,—
 If this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and, ' humour'd thus,
 Dies at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
 For your head, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Dignation, form, and ceremonious duty,

ll model of the barren earth,]—mould, that takes the form of the
 ' depos'd ;]—dispossess'd.

our'd thus,]—having so far indulged his mirth.

tion,]—Customary homage, established practice—*Addition*—
 the title.

For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends ; — Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er ^b wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 ' And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him ;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Ricb. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke,——

I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
 An easy task it is, to win our own.——
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day ;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :
 Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.

^b fit and wail their woes.

¹ And fight and die, is death destroying death ;]—To die fighting, ^{is}
 to destroy our destroyers, to return what we suffer.

K. Ricb.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[*To Aumerle.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
 What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
 * To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none :—Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence ;—Away,
 From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Camp of Bolingbroke, before Flint Castle.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
 The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
 With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
 Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

* *To ear*]—To till.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard :—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

North. Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
¹ For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mis-take : The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not
Myself against their will.— But who comes here ?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry ; what, will not this castle yield ?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally ! Why, it contains no king ?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king ; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone :
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, *[To North—*
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,
Doth kiss king Richard's hand ;

¹ For taking so the head,]—For taking such undue liberties.

And

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
 To his most royal person : hither come
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power ;
 " Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted :
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
 Go, signify as much ; while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
 Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
 That from this castle's " tatter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
 Flourish. Enter on the walls king Richard, the bishop of
 Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.*

° York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun

° *Provided that, &c.*]—the repeal and restoration be freely granted.

° *tatter'd*]—ragged—*totter'd*—minous.

° *Boling.*—See, see, &c.—to accident.

From out the fiery portal of the east ;
 When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
 Of his bright passage to the 'occident.
 Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we stood
 To watch the ^p fearful bending of thy knee, ['] [*To North.*
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, shew us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
 Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;——
 Yet know,—^a my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf, —
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is)
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for ['] live in peace,

^p *fearful*]—reverent, respectful.

^a *my masters.*

['] *light in peace*—be firmly, or peaceably settled on his head.

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become ' the flower of England's face ;
 Change the complexion of her ' maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones ;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
 And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt ;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no farther scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king re-
 turns :—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—

' *the flower of England's face ;*]—disfigure the flowery surface of her
 soil—*of England's race*—the beauty of her choicest youth.

' *maid-pale face.*

We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To *Aum.*
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
 'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God! oh God! that e'er this tongue of
 mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 " With words of sooth! Oh, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
 Or that I could forget what I have been!
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to bear,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
 The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
 The king shall be contented: Must he lose
 The name of king? 'o God's name, let it go:
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
 My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
 My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
 Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
 Some way of " common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:

" *With words of sooth!*]—In such soft, gentle terms.

" *common trade*]—traffick, common resort, or usage.

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head ?——
 Aumerle, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted cousin !——
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
 As thus ;—To drop them still upon one place,
 'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes ?
 Would not this ill do well ?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you ^x mock at me. [*North. advances.*
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die ?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—I.

North. My lord, in the ^y base court he doth attend
 To speak with you ; may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come ; like glist'ring Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Bol.*

In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court ? Come down ? Down, court ! down,
 king !

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart'

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :

Yet he is come.

[*Enter Richard, &c. below.*

^x *mock*]—laugh.

^y *base court*]—the lower court.

Boling.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,—

[*Kneels.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

[*Touching his own head.*

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to have
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no. [Flourish. *Exeunt* l.

S C E N E V.

Langley.

The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen, and two ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

Ladies.

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
and that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
herefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. ² Of joy, or grief ?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl :
or if of joy, being altogether wanting,
doth remember me the more of sorrow ;
or if of grief, being altogether had,
adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
or what I have, I need not to repeat ;
and what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause ;
but thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
and never borrow any tear of thee.

but stay, here come the gardeners :
let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a gardiner, and two servants.

They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
against a change ; ² Woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen, and ladies retire.]

² Of sorrow, or of joy ?

² *Woe is fore-run with woe.*—Dejection precedes calamity ; woe is commonly forerun by some prognostic from ill-boding rumours, or plaintive tales of impending disasters.

Gard.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling ^b apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight ;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, ' as in a model, our firm state ?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace :—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As ~~w~~^e this garden ! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;

^b *apricocks,*]—the old spelling. “ Feed him with *apricocks*.”
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Vol. II. p. 37. *Queen.*

^c *as in a model, our firm state ?*]—the firmness of our little state.

Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself :
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which ^a waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
 'Tis doubted, he will be : Letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, ^c I am press'd to death, through want of
 speaking !— [Coming from her concealment.
 Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing news ?
 What Eve, what serpent hath ^e suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?
 Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfal ? Say, where, when, and how,
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I,
 To breathe these news, yet, what I say, is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light ;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

^a a waste of idle hours.

^c I am press'd to death,]—alluding to the old legal torture.

Through want of speaking ! Thou, old Adam's likeness,

Set to dress out this garden, say how dares

Thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?

^e suggested]—tempted.

Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it? oh, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.—
 What, was I born to this! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!—
 Gardiner, for telling me these news of woe,
 I would, the plants, thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen, and ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no work,
 I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
 Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, ^z four herb of grace:
 Rue, even ^b for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt Gard. and serv.*]

A C T I V. S C E N E I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, bishop of Carlisle, abbot of Westminster, berald, officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:
 Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;

^z *four herb of grace:*—*rue* so called, from being used in exorcisms, or because the holy water was sprinkled with it.

^b *for ruth,*—for pity's sake.

HAMLET, Act IV. S. 5. *Oph.*

What

thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;
wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
oodly office of his ¹ timeless end.

ot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

ng. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

ot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,

l you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*

reacheth from the restful English court

as Calais, to my uncle's bead?

gst much other talk, that very time,

l you say,—*You rather had refuse*

er of an hundred thousand crowns,

Bolingbroke return to England ;

withal, how blest this land would be,

your cousin's death.

Princes, and noble lords,

answer shall I make to this base man ?

l so much dishonour ^k my fair stars,

ual terms to give him chastisement ?

I must, or have mine honour soil'd

the attainer of his slanderous lips.—

is my gage, the manual seal of death,

marks thee out for hell : Thou liest, and

maintain what thou hast said, is false,

heart-blood, though being all too base

in the temper of my knightly sword.

ng. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Excepting one, I would he were the best

this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

ew. If that thy valour ¹ stand on sympathies,

elefs]—untimely.

^k *my fair stars,*]—high descent.

id on sympathies,]—equality of blood—if it can only be dis-
upon thy equals.

There

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :
 By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
 If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;
 And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true,
 In this appeal, as thou art all unjust :
 And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point
 Of mortal breathing ; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful steel
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

Another Lord. ^m I task thee to the like, forsworn Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
 As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw at all :
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
 The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true : you were in presence then ;
 And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

^m I task thee to the like,]—I put thy valour to the same test—I take
 the oath—thy oath—task thy heart.

Fitzw. Surry, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou sput a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
° I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this ° new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me ^p with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage;
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field

^a *I dare meet, &c.*]—"And dare me to the desert with thy sword."

MACBETH, Act III. S. 4. *Macb.*

° *new world,*]—upon the stage of which I have just entered.

^p *with a gage,*]—another, a second *bond*, his own being pledged already.

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
 And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
 To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
 Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
 Your differences shall all rest under gage,
 'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul
 Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
 To the possession of thy royal hand :
 Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
 And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
 Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.
 Would God, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard ; then true nobleness would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on his king ?
 And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject ?
 Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them :
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His

Captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Sited, crowned, planted many years,
 Beg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 He himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
 In a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 Look to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 I up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
 Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Would traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 If you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 Blood of English shall manure the ground,
 Future ages groan for this foul act;
 Shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 In this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Kill kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Famine, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 Field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 You rear this house against this house,
 The wofullest division prove,
 Ever fell upon this cursed earth:

Resist it, let it not be so,
 Dreads' children cry against you—woe!

Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
 For treason we arrest you here:—

If Westminster, be it your charge
 Keep him safely till his day of trial.—

Tell you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?
 Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 We render; so we shall proceed
 In justice.

It will be his conduct.

[Exit.

Lords, you that here are under our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer :—
 Little are we beholden to your love, [To Carlisle.
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard.

K. Ricb. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :
 Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The ' favours of these men : Were they not mine ?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail ! to me ?
 So Judas did to Christ : but, he in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king !—Will no man say, amen ?
 Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.
 God save the king ! although I be not he ;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service, am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,——
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Ricb. Give me the crown :—Here, cousin, seize the
 crown ;
 Here, cousin, on this side, my hand ; on that side, thine.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That ' owes two buckets filling one another ;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water :
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

' favours]—features.

' owes]—is furnished with.

Boling.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Ricb. My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Ricb. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares
down.

• My care is—loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won :
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Ricb. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself :—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths ;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd !
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

• *My care is]*—My grief is that my regal cares, to which I have
been accustomed, are 'at an end.

And send him many years of sun-shine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Ricb. Must I do so? and must I 'ravel out
My weav'd up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, 'damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Ricb. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see " a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

' *ravel out*]—untwist, unfold.

" *a sort*]—a set, a company.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou " haught, insulting man;
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 'tis usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops !—
 Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good)
 An if my word be sterling yet in England, [*To Boling.*
 Let it command a mirror hither straight;
 That it may shew me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Enter one, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,

" *haught*]—haughty.

And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke ?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

As brittle as the glory, is the face ;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ? Ha ! let's see :—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause, I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin ? Why, I am greater than a king ;
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask,

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Oh, good ! Convey ?—²Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To ⁷bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise :—
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears ;
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come ; this is the way,
²To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke ;
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

² *Conveyers*]—Jugglers, dealers in sleight of hand.

⁷ *bury*]—conceal, keep secret.

² *To Julius Cæsar's, &c.*]—The Tower of London is said to have been built by him.

Enter

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But ~~soft~~, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : Yet look up ; behold ;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, ^a the model where old Troy did stand ;

[*To K. Rich.*

Thou ^b map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous ^c inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. ^d Join not with grief, fair woman, do not ~~so~~,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this : ^e I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod ?
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

^a *the model*]—the ground plot.

^b *map*]—picture.

^c *inn*,]—habitation.

^d *Join not with grief*,]—against me.

^e *I am sworn brother, sweet, to grim necessity* ;]—I am perfectly re—
conciled to this necessary confinement.

K. Rich.

K. Ricb. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think, I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, ' to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

Northb. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

K. Ricb. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all ;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way

' to quit their grief,]—to match their mournful stories.

To

To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
 That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
 A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
 And then, betwixt me, and my married wife.—
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

[*To the Queen.*

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
 Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime:
 My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like ^b Hollowmas, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
 from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then, whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe,
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
 Better far off, than—^b near, be ne'er the near'.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
 short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

^a *Hollowmas,*]—All Saints, the first day of November.

^b *near, be ne'er the near'.*]—near, to no good purpose.

Since,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and ⁱ dumbly part ;—
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and his Dutchess.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Bolingbroke !
You would have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !

ⁱ *doubly.*

Whilst

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bospake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen :
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rides he the while ?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are ^k idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry'd, God save him ;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. ¹ Aumerle that was ;
 But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

^k *idly bent*]—carelessly, inattentively turned.

¹ *Aumerle that was ;*]—being deprived of his Dukedom.

Dutch.

Dutch. Welcome, my son : ^m Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be crop't before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford ? hold those jousts and triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not ; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom ?
* Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it :
I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,——

Dutch. What should you fear ?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it and reads.

Treason !, foul treason !—villain, traitor ! slave !

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord ?

^m *Who are the violets now, &c.]—*The prime favourites with the
new king.

* *Boy, look'st thou pale ? come let me see the writing.*

York.

York. Ho ! who is within there ? saddle my horse.
Heaven, for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord ?

York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse :—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will °appeach the villain.

Dutch. What's the matter ?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son ?

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer !

Enter servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art
amaz'd :—

Hence, villain ; never more come in my fight.—

[Speaking to the servant.]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He shall be none ;

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

° *appeach*]—accuse, inform against him.

York.

York. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son :
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

Dutch. After, Aumerle : mount thee upon his horse ;
Spur, post ; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E I I I.

The Court at Windsor Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found :
Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions ;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour ; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate : yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter Aumerle, amazed.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[*York within.*
York.

York. My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king :
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me ; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou 'st sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
' Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy ' digressing son.

' *sheer,*]—clear, transparent.

' *Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;*]—Extremes pass easily into
their contraries.

' *digressing*]—transgressing, offending.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
 Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
 Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchess within.*

Dutch. What ho, my liege ! for heaven's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager
 cry ?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 'tis I.
 Speak with me, pity me, open the door ;
 A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd ; from a serious thing,
 And now chang'd to '*the Beggar and the King.*—
 My dangerous cousin, let your mother in ;
 I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
 More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
 This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man ;
 Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou 'do here ?
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient : Hear me, gentle liege.
 [Kneels.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

^a *the Beggar and the King.*]—alluding to the song of, "*King Cophetua
 and the Beggar Maid.*" ^b *make.*

Dutch.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech :

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aunt. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace.

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd ;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside :
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them " crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up ;
But, pardon, first ; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now ;
Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

have.

G g 3

That

That set'st the word itself against the word!—
 Speak, pardon, 'as 'tis current in our land;
 The * chopping French we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
 Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
 Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
 I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty * brother-in-law—and the
 abbot,
 With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are:
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell;—and cousin too, adieu:
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son; I pray heaven make thee
 new. [*Exeunt.*

* *chopping*—jabbering.

* *brother-in-law*—*John Holland*, Duke of *Exeter*, and Earl of *Huntingdon*, own brother to *Richard II.*, who had married the Lady *Elizabeth*, sister to *Bolingbroke*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend, will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice, And urg'd it twice together; did he not.

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wittly look'd on me; As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart; Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go; I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Prison at Pomfret castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare This prison, where I live, unto the world: And, for because the world is populous, And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out. My brain shall prove the female to my soul; My soul, the father: and these two beget A generation of still-breeding thoughts, And these same thoughts people ' this little world;

' this little world;]—his own frame, the human *microcosm*, as 'tis often called.

In humours, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better fort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word :

As thus,—*Come, little ones ; and then again,—
 It is as hard to come, as for a camel
 To tread the postern of a needle's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last ; Like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
 That many have, and others must sit there :
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one ² person, many people,
 And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am : Then crushing penury
 Persuades me, I was better when king ;
 Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
 Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing :—But, what-e'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear ?
 Ha, ha ! keep time :—How sweet music is,

[*Music.*² *prison.*

When

When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
 So is it in the music of mens' lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock :
 My thoughts are minutes ; ^a and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on ; mine eyes, ^c the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, ^d his Jack o' the clock.
 This music mads me, let it sound no more ;
 For, though it have holp'd ^e madmen to their wits,
 On me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me !
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world,

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer ;

^a *To check*]—To chide, correct—*To bear.*

^b *and, with sighs, they jar their watches on ;*]—which are mark'd out by my sighs, resembling, both in their harshness, and frequency, the vibrations of a pendulum.

^c *the outward watch,*]—the outward part, or plate of the watch.

^d *his Jack o' the clock,*]—the figure of a man striking the hours, &c. on the bell—and strike for him.

^e *madmen*]—persons bitten by the Tarantula.

^f *Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.*]—An ornament out of fashion, a rarity in this world made up of malice.

The

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but ^s that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have drefs'd!

K. Ricb. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

R. Ricb. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an afs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by ^a jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*]

R. Ricb. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

^s *That sad dog*—gloomy slave.

^a *jauncing*—that rough rider.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and servants.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatches a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*

[*Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; Oh, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

*The Court at Windsor.**Flourish: Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other lords and attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happiness,
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent;
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consofited traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :——
 Chuse out some secret place, some ¹ reverend room,
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
 Thy bury'd fear : herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy ² mighty enemies,
 Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
 A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
 Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need,
 Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
 But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
 With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
 And never shew thy head by day nor light.——

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
 That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on fullen black ¹ incontinent ;

I'll make a voyage-to the Holy land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—

March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,

In weeping ³ over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

¹ *reverend room, more than thou hast,*]—monastery, where thou shalt
 be more at large, than thou art. ² *greatest.*

¹ *incontinent ;*]—immediately. ³ *after.*

H E N R Y I V.

P A R T I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales,

JOHN of LANCASTER,

EARL of WORCESTER.

EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

EARL of WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to HOTSPUR, Sister to MORTIMER.

LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to GLENDOWER, and Wife to MORTIMER.

QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travel-
lers, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

* * * THIS PLAY, consisting of two parts, was written in the years 1597—8, and founded in some degree upon an old performance, entitled, “*The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.*” This first part commences with the news of *Hotspur’s* conquest gained in Scotland on Holy-rood day (Sept. 14th) 1402; and concludes with his defeat and death at *Shrewsbury*, July 21st, 1403, forming an interesting, though small portion of that regular series of historical events, which *Shakspeare* hath pursued from the reign of *Richard II.* to that of *Henry V.* deduced principally from the collections of our British Chroniclers.

FIRST

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court in London.

*Enter King Henry, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt,
and others.*

K. Henry. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace ^a to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote?
No more the ^b thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those ^c opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

^a *to pant, and breathe short-winded accents of new broils*—to repose herself a while, and recover sufficient breath to propose new, but distant wars?

^b *thirsty entrance*—parched, or porous surface (those *lips* through which moisture passes, or is *thirstily* drank, or soaked up) shall no more be stained with the blood of its inhabitants.

^c *opposed eyes, &c.*—opponents, which like clouds representing armies in the air.

All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we 'lead;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this 'dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many 'limits of the charge set down,
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken;
 A thousand of his people butchered,

^a *levy.*

^e *dear expedience.*]—favorite expedition.

^f *limits*]—outlines, estimates.

whose dead corps there was such misuse,
eastly, shameless transformation,
[e Welshwomen done, as may not be,
it much shame, retold or spoken of.

Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
off our business from the Holy land.

. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord ;
ore uneven and unwelcome news
from the north, and thus it did import.

oly-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,

Harry Percy, and brave ^c Archibald,
ver-valiant and approved Scot,
Holmedon met,

they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
discharge of their artillery,

ape of likelihood, the news was told ;

that brought it, ^a in the very heat
side of their contention did take horse,
ain of the issue any way.

Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,

Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

with the variation of each soil

t that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;

hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

Earl of Douglas is discomfited ;

ousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

d in their own blood, did sir Walter see

Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took

ke the earl of Fife, ^b the regent's son,

Archibald,]—*Douglas, Earl of Douglas.*

the very heat]—during the fury of the battle, and whilst both
med to be equally match'd.

ed]—Lying in heaps, or ridges—*Bak'd, Bath'd.*

regent's son,]—son of the Duke of *Albany*, regent of Scotland.
dest son—*To.*

The beaten Douglas ; and the earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil ?

A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland

Should be the father of so blest a son :

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;

Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant ;

Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz',

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,

Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,

I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects ;

Which makes him ¹ prune himself, and bristle up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;

And, for this cause, a while we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

¹ *prune himself,*]—pick and sleek his feathers, put on a fair outside.

" ————— or spend a minute's time

" *In pruning me !*"

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords :
But come yourself with speed to us again ;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than ^m out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment belonging to the Prince.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after-noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that ⁿ truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata ; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal : for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars ; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none.)——

P. Henry. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

^m *out of anger can be uttered.*—can issue from my mind, whilst thus incensed at *Percy's* conduct.

ⁿ *truly*—with propriety.

H h 3

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, ° be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we——steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—^p lay by; and spent with crying—^a bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, ° my old lad of the castle. And is not a ° buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, ° in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

° *be call'd thieves of the day's beauty;*]—be stigmatiz'd as robbers in the open day.—*the day's booty.* ^p *lay by;*]—stand still, stop.

^a *bring in:*]—more wine.

° *my old lad of the castle.*]—Sir John Oldcastle, a character somewhat similar to this of *Falstaff*, in the old play of *Henry V.* is here very probably alluded to—*old lad of Castile.*

° *buff jerkin*]—the dress of a bailiff, or sheriff's officer.

° *in thy quips, and thy quiddities?*]—in thy satirical vein.

Fal.

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin² would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of "suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of "suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as "a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to "a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

"suits?]—(Pun petitions, and suits of cloaths.

"a gib cat,]—a ram cat, just return'd from his nightly excursions.—a gelt one.

"a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?]—sitting solitary on her form; Moorfields was a part of London formerly but little frequented.

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similies ; and art, indeed, the most ^y comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought : An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I mark'd him not : and yet he talk'd very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou did'st well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable ^z iteration ; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain ; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain, ^a and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poin's !—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set ^b a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ?

^y *comparative*, full of comparisons.

^z *iteration* ;]—knack at repeating texts of scripture.

^a *and baffle me.*]—and treat me with the utmost ignominy.

^b *a match.*]—made any appointment, formed any scheme for the high way ; *set a watch*—kept a good look out.

Enter

Enter Poins.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a ^c true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, He will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at ^d Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fel-

^c *true man.*]—an honest man.

^d *Gadshill:*]—a place on the *Kentish* road.

lowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not ^c stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll carry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell 'All-hallowen summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

^c stand for ten shillings.]—a real, or royal? (pun.)

^e All-hallowen summer!}]—old fellow with youthful follies.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut ! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood ; our visors we will change, after we leave them ; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram ² for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and, in the ¹ reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us all things necessary, and meet me ¹ to-morrow night in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. *[Exit Poins.]*

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness :
Yet herein will I imitate the sun ;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,

² *for the nonce,*]—purpose, occasion.

¹ *reproof*]—disproof, refutation.

¹ *to-night.*

And

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I ^k falsify men's hopes ;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

S C E N E I I I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
 Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather ^l be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, ^m than my condition ;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

^k *falsify men's hopes ;*]—exceed their expectation.

^l *be myself,*]—appear the king ; assume my proper character, that of injured, resentful majesty.

^m *than my condition ;*]—than remain under the influence of my natural mild disposition.

North. My lord,—

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye;
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
“ The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*

You were about to speak.

[*To Northumberland.*

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land ° at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
“ A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
“ Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;

“ *The moody frontier*]—threaten'd opposition.

“ *at harvest-home* :]—when it appears most smooth and even.

“ *A pouncet-box*,]—A pierced box, for musk, or other perfumes.

“ *took it in snuff* :]—in anger, or disdain, indignantly.

“ You'll marr the light by *taking it in snuff*.”

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Vol. I. p. 596. *Kath.*

And,

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many ' holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with ' a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, ' (God save the mark !)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,

' *holiday and lady terms*]— " ——— he speaks *holiday*."

MARRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 214. *Hof.*

' *a popinjay*,]—a parrot.

' (*God save the mark !*)—The Scots, when they compare person to person, use this exclamation.

" And I, sir, *blefs the mark*."

OTHELLO, Act I. S. 1. *Iago.*

To

To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach;
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
 But with proviso and exception,—
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish "Mortimer;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent " with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 * But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
 Needs no more but ' one tongue, for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When, on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,

* *Mortimer*;]—*Edmund*, son of *Roger*, Earl of *March*, nephew to *Lady Percy*, confounded, in this play, with *Sir Edmund*, her brother.

" *with fears*;]—engage in our service those, whom with reason we distrust—for *foes*—article for their enlargement.

* *But by the chance of war*;]—he fell into the enemy's hands.

' *one tongue*,]—one witness speaking from those "mouthed wounds."

JULIUS CÆSAR, A& III. S. 1. *Ant.*

CORIOLANUS, A& II. S. 3, 3 *Cit.*

He

He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendowder :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his ² crisp head in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did ² base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie
 him,

He never did encounter with Glendower ;
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son :—
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. Henry.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them :—I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause a
 while ?

Here comes your uncle.

² *crisp*—curled.

² *bare*.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,

But I will lift the ^b down-fall'n Mortimer

As high i'the air as this unthankful king,

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[To Worcester.]

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:

And when I urg'd the ransom once again

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;

And on my face he turn'd ^c an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the unhappy king

(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my ^d brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

^b down-trod.

^c an eye of death,]—a ghastly look.

^d cousin.

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hct. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man ;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo ;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, 'or the hangman rather ?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility, and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it ! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this 'canker, Bolingbroke ?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?
No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again :
Revenge the jeering, and 'disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
'Therefore, I say,——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,

^c *canker*]—dog-rose.

^d *disdain'd*]—disdainful.

And

And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous ;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing ^z of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs,
 To rouze a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without corrival, all her dignities :
 But out upon this ^b half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of ⁱ figures here,
 But not ^k the form of what he should attend.—
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
 That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

^z *of a spear.*]—laid across it.

^b *half-fac'd fellowship !*]—paltry partnership in honour—coins of small value, and those of a double reign, were generally impressed in profile only. KING JOHN, p. 272. *Phil.*

ⁱ *figures here,*]—in his imagination, fanciful shapes.

^k *the form,*]—the drift of my proposal.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :——
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly ¹ defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same ² sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whip'd and scourg'd with
rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place ?—
A plague upon't !—it is in Glostershire ;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

¹ *defy,*]—renounce.

² *sword-and-buckler*]—roister, disorderly fellow.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :——

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look, — "*when his infant fortune came to age,* —
And, — *gentle Harry Percy,* — and, *kind cousin,* —
O, the devil take such cozeners ! — God forgive me ! —
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again ;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make ° the regent's son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, — for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, — be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. — You, my lord, — [To North.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, —
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this ° in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down ;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it ; upon my life, it will do well.

^a *when his infant fortune came to age,*] — RICHARD II. p. 405. *Beling.*

[°] *the Douglas'.*

^p *in estimation,*] — on bare surmise, or conjecture,

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still 'let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot :—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by 'raising of a head :
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt ;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love..

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell :—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : We shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt.*]

'let'st slip.]—thy dogs ; dost loose the grey hounds.

HENRY V. Act II. S. 1. *K. Henry.*

'raising of a head :]—a body of forces.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn Yard at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: 'Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the 'point; the poor jade is "wrung in the withers out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as "dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the "bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a 'tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas "like a loach.

' Charles' wain, or Churl's wain.

' point;]—pummel.

" wrung in the withers out of all cefs.]—pinched on the shoulders beyond measure, dreadfully.

" our withers are unwrung."

HAMLET, ACT III. S. 2. Ham.

" dank]—moist, rotten.

" bots:]—worms.

' trout.

" like a loach.]—as fast as the loach breeds spawn.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two ^a razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it ^b be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. ^c At hand, quoth pick-purse.

^a *razes*]—races, entire roots.

^b *be two o'clock.*]—thus the carrier means to mislead *Gadshill*, whom he suspects to be a highwayman.

^c *At hand, quoth pick-purse.*]—A proverbial expression.

Gads.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's ^d a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with 'saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other 'Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with ^e no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, ^h mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms: but with nobility, and tran-

^d *a franklin*]—a yeoman.

^e *saint Nicholas' clerks*]—or *knights*, a cant name for robbers, as *Old Nick* is for the devil.

^f *Trojans*]—thieves.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Vol. I. p. 618 and 619. *King and Cost.*

^g *no foot land-rakers, &c.*]—no foot pads, no fellows that infest the roads with long staves, and stop men for sixpence.

^h *mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms:*]—red faced tipplers, with whiskers.

quillity;

quillity ; burgomasters, and great ¹ oneyers ; such as can
² hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak
 sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : And yet
 I lie ; for they pray continually unto their saint, the com-
 monwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ;
 for they ride up and down on her, and make her their
¹ boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots ? ^m will
 she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her.
 We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of
ⁿ fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith ; I think, you are more be-
 holden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking
 invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in
 our ^o purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false
 thief.

Gads. ^p Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men.—
 Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Fare-
 well, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

¹ oneyers ;]—officers of the exchequer—*moncyers*, officers of the
 mint, or bankers ; *mynbeers* ; *seigniors*.

² bold in ; &c.]—such as will stick to their game ; or close to one an-
 other,—not peach :—such as will take a purse without hub-bub ; and
 though rather apt to preach over their liquor, are more inclined to
 drink than to pray.

^m will she hold out water in foul way ? &c.]—help you out at a dead
 lift ? Yes, the chicanery of the law will bring us out of any scrapes.

ⁿ fern-seed,]—which grows secretly on the back of the leaf, whence
 it was supposed to convey invisibility.

^o purchase,]—acquisition, spoil. “ They will steal any thing, and
 “ call it purchase.” HENRY V. Act III. S. 2. Boy.

^p Go to ;]—you might have said “ false man.”

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The Road by Gads-bill.**Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins, Hal!

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot^a by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth.

^a *by the square*—mile, measure, *esquierre*.

“ —jumps twelve foot and a half *by the squire*..”

WINTER'S TALE, Vol. II. p. 638. *Ser.*

I'll rob—proceed upon this plan a foot further.

Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, 'to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so 'forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Bardolph, what news?—

Bard. Cae ye, cae ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

' to colt me]—trick, fool.

' forward,]—carried so far.

Fal.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all,

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Henry. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, "happy man be his dole, say I, every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, "gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone?

^a *happy man be his dole,*—good luck betide us.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, Vol. II. p. 238. *Her.*

^w *gorbellied*—corpulent.

No,

No, ye fat ^xchuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them. [Exeunt.]

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be ^yargument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.

They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind him.]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

^x *cuffs*—churls, clowns.

^y *argument*—furnish a topic of conversation, a subject of merriment.

S C E N E III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading ^a a letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. —He could be contented,—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, ~~he~~ loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous,* —Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, ^a my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's ^b fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next

^a *a letter.*]—from G. Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.

^a *my lord of York*]—Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

^b *fan*]—fans were formerly made of feathers, with handles of gold, silver, &c.

month?

month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king:—we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, 'Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, ^d frontiers, parapets;
Of 'basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of 'a heady fight.

' *Kate?*]—Lady Percy's name was *Elizabeth*, but *Shakspeare* had a fondness for this familiar appellation. ^d *frontiers,*]—forts.

' *basilisks,*]—great guns.

' *heady fight.*]—a warm engagement.

Thy

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream :
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these ?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not,

Hot. What, ho ! is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-car, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : O *esperance* !—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. *[Exit Serv.]*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toft with.

In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title ; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize : But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

esperanza—*Percy's* motto, and word of battle.

Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—love!—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,
To play with ^amammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and ⁱcrack'd crowns,
And pass them ⁱcurrent too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

^a *mammets*,]—puppets.

ⁱ *crack'd crowns*, &c.]—(puns) coin, and broken heads—money,
and a soldier's passport.

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I V.

The Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that ^r fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads, I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a ¹ Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and, when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you ^m breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my

^k *fat*]—foiſky.

¹ *Corinthian*,]—a wencher.

^m *breathe*]—"I think, thou wast created for men to *breathe* themselves upon thee."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Vol. II. p. 407. *Las.*

hand by an ^a under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, fir! Score a pint of ^a bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time 'till Falstaff come, I pr'y-thee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [*Poins retires.*]

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, fir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

^a *under-skinker*;]—under-drawer, tapster.

^a *bastard*]—Sweet wine. “We shall have all the world drink brown and white *bastard*.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Vol. I. p. 320. Ed.

Fran.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall
 be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar
 thou gav'st me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask
 me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-mor-
 row, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed,
 Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob? this leathern-jerkin, chrystal-
 button, nodd-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-
 garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bastard is your only
 drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet
 will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them
 call?

*[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed,
 not knowing which way to go.]*

* *this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, &c.]*—this mean-spirited fellow,
 by master, whose jacket resembles that of a pawn-broker, with his
 hair cut close, and his dark russet stockings, tied with garters of coarse
 erret.—Garters were formerly worn in sight, and commonly of rich
 materials.

Enter

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling ? look to the guests within. [*Exit drawer.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door ; Shall I let them in ?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins !

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door ; Shall we be merry ?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye ; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come, what's the issue ?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis.*] What's o'clock, Francis ?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman !—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs ; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet ⁹ of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north ; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life ! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many bast thou kill'd to-day ?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he ; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after ; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff ; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall

⁹ of Percy's mind,]—though of all other humours,

play

play dame Mortimer his wife. ' *Rivo*, says the drunkard.
Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-bill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?
[*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted ' butter, that melted at the sweet tale ' of the fun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! "I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects

' *Rivo*,]—drink about,

' *Titan*,

' *of his son*—*Phaeton* soliciting the chariot.

" *I would I were a weaver*;]—these artists were always remarkable for singing at the loom, and the puritanical sort of them were much addicted to psalmody.—*I could sing psalms, &c.*

" A catch that will draw three souls out of one *weaver*."

TWELFTH NIGHT, Vol. H. p. 499. *Sir To.*

afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales !

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man ! what's the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a coward ? answer me to that ; and Poins there ? *[To Poins.]*

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : Call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack :—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I ! *[He drinks.]*

P. Henry. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ? here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal. Where is it ? taken from us it is : a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man ?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet ; four, through the hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards !—Let them speak : if they speak
more

more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all.

Fal. All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old 'ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

'ward]—posture of defence.

Poins.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. 'Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. * Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whore-son, obscene, greasy tallow-^y keech,——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

* *Three points*]—(pun) the end of a weapon, and hooks fastened to the waistband of the breeches, going into eyes fixed to the doublet.

“ I am resolv'd on *two points*.”

TWELFTH NIGHT, Vol. II. p. 484. *Cle.*

^y *keech*]—round lump—*catch*, trough—*ketch*, tub.

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at ² the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you ^a elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you ^b stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile ^c standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

² *the strappado,*]—a cruel species of punishment practised at Venice.

^a *elf-kin, elfin*—little fairey.—*eel-skin*.

^b *stock-fish,*]—dried cod.

^c *standing tuck:*]—small sword set upright.

Fal.

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a^d nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

^d *nobleman*—*noble*, a coin of the value of 6s. 8d. *royal*, or *real*, of 10s.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Now, sirs, by'r-lady, you fought fair ;—so did you, Peto ;—so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ; no,—fie !

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd ?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger ; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight ; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed ; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of 'true men. I did that I did not these seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken 'with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore : Thou hadst 'fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away ; What instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these ^hmeteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

P. Henry. 'Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. ^hCholer, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

^o true men.]—as opposed to thieves.

¹ with the manner,]—with the matter stolen about him ; in the fact.

² fire]—in thy face.

^h meteors ?]—flushings.

¹ Hot livers, and cold purses.]—drunkenness and poverty.

^h Choler,]—(pun) collar, and anger.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act I. S. 1. Sam. and Greg.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand * blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is † turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be ‡ my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. 'Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have

* blue-caps]—Scots with blue bonnets.

† turn'd white]—through terror.

‡ my state,]—royal chair with a canopy over it.

§ Thy state is, &c.]—An apostrophe of the prince to his absent father.

wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in
 'king Cambyfes' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is 'my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are
 vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
 For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare! he doth it as like one of these "harlotry
 players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good "tickle-brain.
 —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy
 time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the
 camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows,
 yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That
 thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly
 my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine
 eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth
 warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the
 point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at?
 Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove "a micher, and eat
 black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son
 of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to
 be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often
 heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name
 of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth

'king Cambyfes' vein.]—a sorry old play, wherein is the following
 marginal direction.—"At this tale tolde, let the queen weep."

'my leg.]—obeisance.

"harlotry]—vile, rascally.

"tickle-brain.]—the name of a certain strong liquor.

"a micher,]—a lurking thief; a truant, a hedge-creeper.

"Marry, this is *miching malicho*; it means mischief."

HAMLET, Act III. S. 2. *Ham.*

defile;

defile ; so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears ; not in pleasure, but in passion ; not in words only, but in woes also :—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent ; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. ' If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a ² rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand :—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry ? whence come you ?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false :—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Henry. Swarest thou, ungracious boy ? 'henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from

¹ *If then the, &c.*]—If I can judge of the man by his goodly looks, he must be virtuous.

² *rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.*]—a sucking rabbit, or hare cased and hung up in a poulterer's shop.

grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that ^abolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropfies, that huge ^bbombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that ^croasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend ^dvice, that grey ^diniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein ^ecunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would ^ftake me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant,

^a *bolting-hutch*]—meal tub, or bag.

^b *bombard*]—butt.

^c *roasted Manning-tree ox*]—in *Essex*; at some festivities there it was customary to roast an ox whole.

^d *vice,—iniquity,*]—buffoon characters.

^e *cunning,*]—skilful.

^f *take me with you;*]—let me understand you.

being

as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy
 's company, banish not him thy Harry's company ;
 plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Henry. I do, I will.

[Knocking ; and Hostess and Bardolpb go out.]

Re-enter Bardolpb, running.

B. O, my lord, my lord ; the sheriff, with a most
 rous watch, is at the door.

B. Out, you rogue ! play out the play : I have much
 in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

B. O, my lord, my lord !——

H. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick :
 's the matter ?

B. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door :
 re come to search the house ; Shall I let them in ?

H. Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of
 a counterfeit : ' thou art essentially mad, without
 ing so.

Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

B. I deny your ^b *major* : if you will deny the sheriff,
 f not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well
 other man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope, I
 as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras ;—the rest
 up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and
 d conscience.

B. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and
 ore I'll hide me.

*[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolpb, Gads-bill, and Peto ;
 manent Prince and Poins.]*

as art essentially mad,]—if thou lightly giv'st me up.
an) mayor.

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exit.]

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets.

[He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.]
What hast thou found?.

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be : read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d,

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of [†] twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so good morrow, *Poins.*

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's House in Wales.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our [‡] induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down ?—

And, uncle Worcester :—A plague upon it !
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur :

[†] twelve-score.]—feet.

[‡] induction]—commencement.

For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale ; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of ^k burning cressets ; and, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the ^l old beldame earth, and ^m topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

^k *burning cressets* ;]—lights on a beacon, with crosses at the top.

^l *old beldame*]—ancient mother.

^m *topples*]—tumbles.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous in the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh :—
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil,
By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power : thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent
Him bootless back, and weather-beaten home.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map ; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order taken ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally :
England, from Trent and Severn^a hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[*To Glendower,*

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my^o moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this river comes me^p cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,

^a *hitherto,*]—to this mark.

^o *moiety,*]—*strictly* half, one of two equal parts ; but used by *Shakspeare* for any portion of a thing, however unequally divided.

LEAR, Act I. S. 1, *Lear.*

^p *cranking,*]—winding, bending.

A huge half-moon, a monstrous ¹ cantle out.
 I'll have the current in this place damn'd up ;
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth,

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and
 runs me up

With like advantage on the other side ;
 Gelding the opposed continent as much,
 As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
 And on this north side ² win this cape of land ;
 And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it,

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
 Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
 For I was train'd up in the ³ English court :
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,
 And ⁴ gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

¹ *cantle*]—a corner, or piece formed by the turning of the river.

² *win this cape*]—take in this neck.

³ *English court* :]—in the Middle Temple ; *Glendower* was a barrister there, and his real name *Vangban*.

⁴ *gave the tongue a helpful ornament* ;]—set off my own language by singing,

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
 I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
 And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
 (I'll in and haste ^u the writer) and, withal,
 Break with your wives of your departure hence:
 I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me,
 With telling me of the ^w moldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin, and ^x his prophecies;
 And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
 A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me last night at the least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several devils' names,
 That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,—go
 to,—

^u *the writer*]—of the articles.

^w *moldwarp*]—mole.

^x *his prophecies* ;]—whereby he is said to have been induced to take arms against the king.

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far ;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mor. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and ' profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are ' too wilful-blame ;
And, since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, ' opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

' profited in strange concealments ;]—Skill'd in admirable secrets.

? to blame, too wilful.

opinion,}—self-conceit.

Re-enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ^b spight that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.]*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd ^c har-
lotry, one

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.]

Mort. I understand thy looks: ^d that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
^e In such a parly should I answer thee.

[The lady again in Welsh.]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never ^f be a truant, love,
^g Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
^h With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

^b *spight*—vexation.

^c *harlotry*,]—vixen.

ROMEO AND JULIET, ACT IV. S. 2. Cap.

^d *that pretty Welsh*]—those eloquent tears.

^e *In such a parly*]—In the self same language.

^f *be a truant*,]—cease, suspend my application.

^g *With ravishing division*,]—in the most exact time.

Glend. She bids you,
 Upon the wanton ^b rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 ' And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
 By that time will ^k our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
 ' And those musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
 Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
 Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
 And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
 By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but musical; for
 you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye
 thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

^b *rushes*]—used formerly for carpets.

“ ————Tarquin thus

“ Did softly press the *rushes*.”

CYMBELINE, Act II. S. 2. *Jack.*

¹ *And she will sing, &c.*]—She will lull you, by her song, into that
 state of calm repose, and sweet tranquillity, wherein you shall be so
 near to sleep, as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake, as
 to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness,
 as the twilight of day and night.

^k *our book*,]—the articles, or deed of partition.

¹ *As*; and if, and though.

Lady.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day: and givest such a farcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,
To a velvet guards, and funday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or Red-breast teacher: An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. *[Exit.]*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow, As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. *[Exeunt.]*

^m 'tis a woman's fault,]—not to do as we are bidden, or desired.

^a farcenet]—slender.

^o velvet guards,]—Madams in velvet flounces.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Vol. I. p. 446. *Bent.*

^p 'Tis the next way, &c.]—The next mean quality to singing one's self, is to teach the gold-finch, and the robin, to sing—or be Red-breast teacher.

S C E N E II.

*The Presence-chamber in Windsor.**Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords, and others.*

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave ; the prince of Wales
and I,

Must have some private conference : But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing * service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me :
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such † lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, ‡ in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—

* *service*—action.

† *lewd*,]—licentious. ‡ *in reproof of*]—when I shall have refuted.

By smiling * pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast ' rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd ;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood :
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession ;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*
Others would say,—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*
And then ' I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

* *pick-thanks*]—officious parasites.

* *rudely lost*]—by striking Judge *Gaſcoign* (Sir *William*)

' *I stole all courtesy, &c.*]—as *Prometheus* did fire, whereby he formed a man, and I made myself a king.—I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus robbed heaven of its worship, and the king of the allegiance of his subjects.

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;
 My presence, like ^a a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a feast ;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash ^w bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt : ^y carded his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with ^z carping fools ;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
^a And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
^b Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey ; and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckow is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with ^c community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,

^a *a robe pontifical*]—in which the Pope officiates at high mass.

^w *bavin wits*]—flashy, that, like brush-wood, burn fiercely, but are soon quenched.

^y *carded his state* ;]—set it to hazard, play'd it away as at cards.—
^y *scarded*—discarded, threw off. ^z *carping*]—prattling, jocular wags.

^a *And gave his countenance, &c.*]—And condescended, to the injury of his reputation, to engage in a trial of wit with every young coxcomb, that was vain enough to be his competitor.

^b *Enfeoff'd himself to*]—made himself the slave of.

^c *community*,]—the familiarity of the object.

Such as is bent on fun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admirig eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 * With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth what I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg ;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 * He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, † of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,

* *With vile participation ;*]—By herding with vile associates.

• *He hath more, &c.*]—Hath a better claim to the kingdom from merit, than thou from the shadowy pretension of lineal succession.

† *of no right,*]—under no plea of right.

Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
^aCapitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and ^bdearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain ⁱmy favours in a bloody mask,

^a *Capitulate*]—Make head, combine, confederate.

^b *dearest*]—most deadly.

“*dearest foe.*”

HAMLET, Act I. S. 2. *Ham.*

ⁱ *my favours in a bloody mask,*]—Mistress's presents in a bloody helmet.

“—————pluck a glove,

“And wear it as a *favour.*”

RICHARD II. Vol. III. p. 450. *Percy.*

—————*favour*—face.

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of the time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
 * Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :

* *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*]—mistaken for *George Dunbar* earl of *March* in *Scotland* : there was no *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*.

A mighty

A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement is five days old :—
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward :
On Thursday, we ourselves will march :
Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire ; ¹ by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, ^m a brewer's horse ; the inside of a church !—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

¹ *by which account, our business valued,*]—according to this calculation of our affairs.

^m *a brewer's horse ;*]—the cross beam, whereon beer barrels are suspended for the easier carriage.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; dic'd, not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times ; liv'd well, and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, By this fire : but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me

P triumph,]—splendid state show.

lights

lights * as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years ; Heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen ? have you enquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket ?

Host. Why, sir John ! what do you think, sir John ? Do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess ; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair : and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd : Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I ? I defy thee : I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John ; you do not know me, sir John : I know you, sir John : you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings ; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it ; let him pay.

* *as good cheap,*]—as good a pennyworth, at as easy a rate, upon as moderate terms.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them ^p coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, ^a will you make a younker of me? shall I not ^t take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, the ring was ^a copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins, marching; and Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man,

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds

^p coin his nose,]—the actors of such characters, whose noses were a standing joke, wore artificial ones.

^a will you make a younker of me?—do you mean to gull me?

^t take mine ease in mine inn,]—sleep securely; alluding to the old maxim, "Every man's house is his castle."

^a copper.]—such rings, thinly plated with gold, were common about the time mentioned.

of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord ; and I said, I heard your grace say so : And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is ; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What ! he did not ?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in 'a stew'd prune ; nor no more truth in thee, than in "a drawn fox ; and for "woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing ? what thing ?

Fal. What thing ? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it ; I am an honest man's wife : and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou ?

Fal. What beast ? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, sir John ? why an otter ?

Fal. Why ? she's neither fish, nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so ; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou !

¹ *a stew'd prune ;*]—whose insipidity belies its appearance.

² *a drawn fox ;*]—a dead one, drawn over the grounds for the exercise of the dogs, who are deceived by its scent.

³ *woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.*]—'tis very questionable—the name of *Robin Hood's* mistress ; the lady of the *May*, or *Morris dance*, generally represented by a man.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, ^{*}imbois'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other [†]injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand

^{*} *imbois'd*—swoln, puffy.

[†] *ingredients*—to pocket injuries was a common phrase.

to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. — You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servant, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd still. — Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. *[Exit Hostess.]*

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, — How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: — The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it ² with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph, —

Bard. My lord.

² *with unwash'd hands too.*] — immediately, the first thing in the morning, ere you wash.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i'the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bard.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my break-
fast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
^a Such attribution should ^b the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

^a *Such attribution*—Such commendation.

^b *the Douglas*—this appellation is conferred, by way of eminence,
on the head of that family.

Doug.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will ^c beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well :—

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited ;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any ^d soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :

^c beard him.]—oppose him face to face.

^d soul remov'd,]—second hand, person less interested.

For, as he writes, there is no 'quailing now;
Because the king is certainly 'possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we 'read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:

^a A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and 'hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,

^e *quailing*]—no room for dejection, or delay.

^f *possess'd*]—informed.

^g *read*]—discover—*risk*.

^h *a comfort of retirement*]—A resource in reserve.

ⁱ *hair*]—complexion, cast.

And breed a kind of question in our cause :
 For, well you know, ^k we of the offering side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
 This absence of your father's ^l draws a curtain,
 That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprize,
 Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland, as ^m this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
 The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

^k we of the offering side, &c.]—that we, who are candidates for the public favour, must keep clear of all objections, of what would offend upon inspection—we that are the assailants, the invaders.

^l draws a curtain,]—opens a prospect.

^m this dream of fear.

Th.

The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that ⁿ daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
• All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd :
Glittering in golden coats, ^p like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his ^q beaver on,
His ^r cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And ^s witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the ^t fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The ^u mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. . I am on fire,
To hear this rich ^w reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,

ⁿ *daff'd the world aside,*]—put it by with scorn.

“ Canst thou so *daffe* me ? ”

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Vol. I. p. 510. *Leon.*

• *All plum'd like estridges, &c.*]—All wearing the ostrich-feather, the badge, or cognizance of the *Prince of Wales*, which *flutter'd* in the wind, like an eagle after bathing.

^p *like images ;*]—in the Romish churches.

^q *beaver up.*

^r *His cuisses*]—armour for the thighs.

^s *witch*]—bewitch, charm.

^t *fire-ey'd maid*]—*Pallas*.

^u *mailed*]—armed.

^w *reprisal*]—prize.

Who

Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
 * Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse——
 Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.—
 O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole ' battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be ;

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The power of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily :

Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A publick Road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a
 bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to
 Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

* *Harry to Harry shall,*]—be opposed.

' *battle*]—body of forces.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; an if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a souc'd^a gurnet. I have mis-us'd the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: enquire me out contracted batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a^a caliver, worse than a^b struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I prest me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,^b where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons of younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than^c an old fac'd ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told

^a *gurnet.*]—a fish found in Devonshire.

^a *caliver,*]—culverin, gun.

^b *struck fowl,*]—"Alas poor hurt fowl!"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Vol. I. p. 458. *Bear.*
—*forel*—young deer—*struck foole*.

^c *an old fac'd ancient:*]—a standard mended with materials of a different colour.

"To face the garment of rebellion

"With some fine colour."

K. HENRY, p. 556.

me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had ^dgyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmoreland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough ^cto toils; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

^d gyves]—setters.

^c to toils]—with a pike.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of ² such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[The trumpets sound a parley.]

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; And would to God,
You were ^h of our determination !
Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name ;
Because you are not of ⁱ our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

² *such great leading*]—martial conduct and experience.

^h *of our determination !*]—embark'd in our cause,

ⁱ *our quality,*]—our party.

You stand against anointed majesty !
 But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty : If that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
 He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
 You shall have your desires, with interest ;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the king
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears :
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore :
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
 * To sue his livery, and beg his peace,
 † With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 They, more and less, came in, with cap and knee ;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;

* *To sue his livery,*.]—To sue out the delivery of his lands from wardship.

† *With tears of innocence,*.]—accompanying his protestations with tears, declarative of innocency, in respect of the cause of his exile, and professions of zeal for the public welfare.

Attended

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,——
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrong; and, by his face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.——

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
 And, ^m in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if ever owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:

^m *in the neck of that, task'd*]—immediately after *tax'd*.

And, in conclusion, droye us to seek out
 " This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love,

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

York. The Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

York. Hie, good sir Michael ; bear this sealed ° brief,
 With winged haste, to the ° lord marshal ;
 This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed : if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

York. Like enough, you do.
 To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch : For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,

° *This head of safety ;*]—This army on which we depend for protection.
 ° *brief,*]—letter.

° *lord marshal ;*]—Thomas Lord Mowbray.

Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, fir Michael,
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
^a (Whose power was in the first proportion)
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 (Who with them was ' a rated sinew too,
 And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
 I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not fear ;
 There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
 Percy,
 And there's my lord of Worcester ; and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn
 The special head of all the land together ;—
 The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;
 And many more ' corrivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well op-
 pos'd.

York. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
 And, to prevent the worst, fir Michael, speed :
 For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him ;
 Therefore, make haste : I must go write again
 To other friends ; and so farewell, fir Michael. [*Exeunt.*]

^a (*Whose power was in the first proportion*)—Who furnished the largest quota.

¹ *a rated sinew*—a part of their strength much relied on.

² *corrivals*,]—partners, associates.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp at Sbrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.

K. Henry. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon 'busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes:
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

'busky]—woody.

"Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;"]—Ushers in, sounds a prelude to what this strange appearance of the sun portends.

A pro-

A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, ^v chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time : You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries ^z of a wanton time ;

^v *chewet,*]—magpie.

^z *of a wanton time ;*]—done by *King Richard* in the wantonness of prosperity.

The

The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 As from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand :
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby ^z you stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, ^a dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry, These things, indeed, you have ^b articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;
^c To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor ^d discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurly-burly innoyation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;

^y *As that ungentle gull, &c.*]—the young cuckow, hatch'd and rear'd
 by the sparrow to her own destruction. The cuckow lays her eggs in
 the nests of other birds. ^z *we.* ^a dangerous]—threat'ning.

^b *articulated,*]—exhibited in articles, set down article by article.

^c *To face*]—To turn up, adorn, garnish.

^d *discontents,*]—malecontents.

Nor

Nor moody beggars, *starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
This present enterprize †set off his head;—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation ;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture
thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it :—‡ No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love
That are mis-led upon your cousin's part :
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do :—But if he will not yield,

* *starving for a time*]—watching for it with the eagerness of hunger.

† *set off his head,*]—taken from his account.

‡ *Knew, good Worcester, knew.*

S C E N E II.

*Hotspur's Camp.**Enter Worcester, and Vernon.*

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us ;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion, shall be all stuck full of eyes :
For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespasss may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
And ^k an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by ^l a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ^m ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

^k *an adopted name of privilege,*]—the name of *Hotspur* will exempt him from censure.

^l *a spleen :*]—whim, fancy, a fit of caprice.

^m *ta'en*]—caught, derived.

There-

560 F I R S T P A R T O F

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so:
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur, and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Hot. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland:
Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit Douglas.]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was "engag'd," did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his "tasking?" seem'd it in contempt?

^a *engag'd,*]—kept here as an hostage.

^c *tasking?*]—challenge.

Ver.

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
 He gave you all the duties of a man ;
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
 Poke your deservings like a chronicle ;
 Making you ever better than his praise,
 By still dispraising praise, ^p valu'd with you :
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing ^cital of himself ;
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly :
 There did he pause : But let me tell the world, —
 If he outlive the ^env'y of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, — I think, thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear
 Of any prince, so wild, ^a at liberty : —
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 Will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —
 Arm, arm, with speed : — And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

^p *valu'd with you :*] — compar'd with merit superior to praise, in respect whereof all praise must fall short. ^c *ital*] — recital.

^e *envy*] — opposition.

^a *at liberty :*] — not confined as a madman. — *so wild a libertine.*

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour,
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, Brave death, when princes die with us !
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; Only this—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperance !—Percy !—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace :
For, ' heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

The King entereth with his power. Alarum to the battle.

Then enter Douglas, and Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

' heaven to earth,]—might with safety be wagered.

Doug.

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies the
king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full well :
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
" Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away ;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

" *Semblably furnish'd*]—Alike accoutred.

Other alarms. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: "Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—^x Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him ^y sure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

^w *Here's no vanity!*]—ironically.

[“] Here's no knavery!”

TAMING OF THE SHREW, Vol. II. p. 296. *Gr.*

^x *Turk Gregory*]—Pope Gregory the Seventh—Hildebrand.

^y *sure.*]—safe, certainly disposed of him.

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so : if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make ² a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath : Give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmoreland.

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much :—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so :—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help : And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive The prince of Wales from such a field as this ; Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

Lan. We breathe too long :—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies ; for heaven's sake, come.

[Exeunt *P. John and West.*

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster, I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :

² *a carbonado*—meat scotch'd for the gridiron.

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all !

[*Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydra's heads :
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Henry. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.*

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth, * but means to pay.—

[*They fight, Douglas flyeth.*

Cheerly, my lord ; How fares your grace ?—

* *but he.*

Sir

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy ^b lost opinion;
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas
Gawsey. [Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Moanmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; And would to heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.

^b *lost opinion;*]—character—*my lost opinion.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life 'time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.]

P. Harry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,
great heart!—

‘Ill-weav’d ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
But let ‘my favours hide thy mangled face;

‘time’s fool;]—the sport of it—a character in the old moralities.

“thou art *death’s* fool.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Vol. I. p. 310. *Duke.*

“That he should be *my fool*, and I his fate.”

LOVE’S LABOUR LOST, Vol. I. p. 597. *Ref.*

‘Ill-weav’d]—Of loose texture.

‘my favours]—scarf.

And,

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
 Be not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[He sees Falstaff on the ground.]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
 I could have better spar'd a better man.
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so far a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;
 'Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.]

Falstaff, rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give
 you leave to ' powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow,
 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant
 Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie,
 I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for
 he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life
 of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby
 liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect
 image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—dis-
 cretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life.
 I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead:
 How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid,
 he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll
 make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why
 may he not rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but

' powder]—pickle, salt.

eyes,

eyes, and no body sees me.—Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou
 ^s flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! who have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not ^a a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

^s *flesh'd*]—initiated.

^a *a double man:*]—tho' I have *Percy* on my back.

Come,

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :
 For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
 I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
 Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
 To see what friends are living, who are dead. *[Exeunt.]*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that re-
 wards me, heaven reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll
 grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly,
 as a nobleman should do. *[Exit, bearing off the body.]*

S C E N E V.

Another Part of the Field.

*The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales,
 Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with
 Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
 Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?
 And would'st thou turn our offers contrary ?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to ;
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester¹ to the death, and Vernon too :

¹ *to the death,*—“ *To the death, my lord.*”

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt Worcester, and Vernon, guarded.]

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruise'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart,

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains,—that we divide our
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won,

[Exeunt.]

H E N R Y I V.

P A R T I I.

I N D U C T I O N.

Enter Rumour, painted full of Tongues.

Rum. Open your ears ; For which of you will stop
a The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual flanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ;
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
b And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?
I run before king Harry's victory ;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,

^a *The vent of hearing,*]—The passage which admits sound.

^b *And of so easy and so plain a stop,*]—so easily play'd upon.

Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this ^c worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come ^d tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
 [Exit.

^c *worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,*—this ruinous castle.

^d *tiring on,*—fatigued with the speed they have made.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales; afterwards King,

JOHN, Duke of Bedford;

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster;

THOMAS, Duke of Clarence;

EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND,

SCROOP, Archbishop of York,

LORD MOWBRAY,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD BARDOLPH,

SIR JOHN COLEVILE,

TRAVERS,

MORTON,

EARL of WARWICK,

EARL of WESTMORELAND,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,

FALSTAFF, POINS, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO,
and PAGE.

SHALLOW, and SILENCE, Country Justices.

DAVY, Servant to SHALLOW.

PHANG and SNARE, two Serjeants.

MOULDY,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEEBLE,

BULLCALF,

Recruits.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

HOSTESS QUICKLY.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

* * * THIS *Second Part* comprises the transactions of about nine years, commencing with an account of *Hotspur's* defeat and death, and closing with the demise of *Henry IV.* and the coronation of *Henry V.*

SECOND

S E C O N D P A R T O F
K I N G H E N R Y I V.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Northumberland's Castle, at Warkworth.

The Porter at the gate; enter Lord Bardolph.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse

^c *Should be the father of some stratagem:]—Should produce some great event.*

^c *What stratagems* —————

^c *This deadly quarrel daily doth beget?*

HENRY VI. Part III. ACT II. S. 5. *Fach.*

A gentleman almost ¹ forspent with speed,
 That stopt by me to breathe his bloody'd horse:
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
 He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his ² poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to ³ devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!——⁴ Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
⁵ Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
 Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for ⁶ a filken point
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
 Give then such ⁷ instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
 He was some ⁸ hilding fellow, that had stol'n
 The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
 Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

¹ *forspent*]—exhausted.

² *poor jade*]—weari'd hackney.

³ *devour the way,*]—an expression of great haste.

“ *I drink the air before me*——”

TEMPEST, Vol. I. p. 73. *Ariel*.

⁴ *Again.*]—Say that again.

⁵ *Of Hotspur,*]—A common term for a vehement, precipitate person.

⁶ *a filken point*]—a string, or lace tagg'd. ⁷ *instances*]—proofs.

⁸ *hilding*]—base.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to * a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume :
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, † so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd :
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This would'st thou say,—Your son did thus, and thus ;
Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
But for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;

* a title-leaf,]—the black title-page to an elegy.

† so woe-begone,]—so far gone in woe.

And

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainfaid :
Your ^a spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

Bard. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

North. I see a strange confession in thine eye ;
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death :
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;
Not he that saith the dead is not alive.

Mort. Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint ^a quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him ^a abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,

^a *spirit*]—presentiment.

^a *quittance*]—return, opposition.

^a *abated, all the rest turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.*]—
being reduced to a lower temper, the edge of his party was blunted,
and became as lead.

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
 Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
 'Gan ^a vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
 A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physick ; and these news,
 ' Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, ' buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with ^a pain, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves : hence therefore, thou nice crutch ;
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly ^a quoif ;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, ^b flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron ; And approach

^a *vail his stomach,*]—Began to droop, to let his courage sink under his misfortunes.

^b *Having been well,*]—Had I been well.

^c *buckle*]—bend.

^d *grief,*

^e *quoif*]—cap.

^f *flesh'd*]—fired ; *fus'd*.

The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act ;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord :
 Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You ' cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
 Let us make head. It was your presumise,
 That, in the 'dole of blows your son might drop :
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
 You were ' advis'd, his flesh was capable
 Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;
 Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The ' stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be ?

Bard. We all, that are ' engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one :

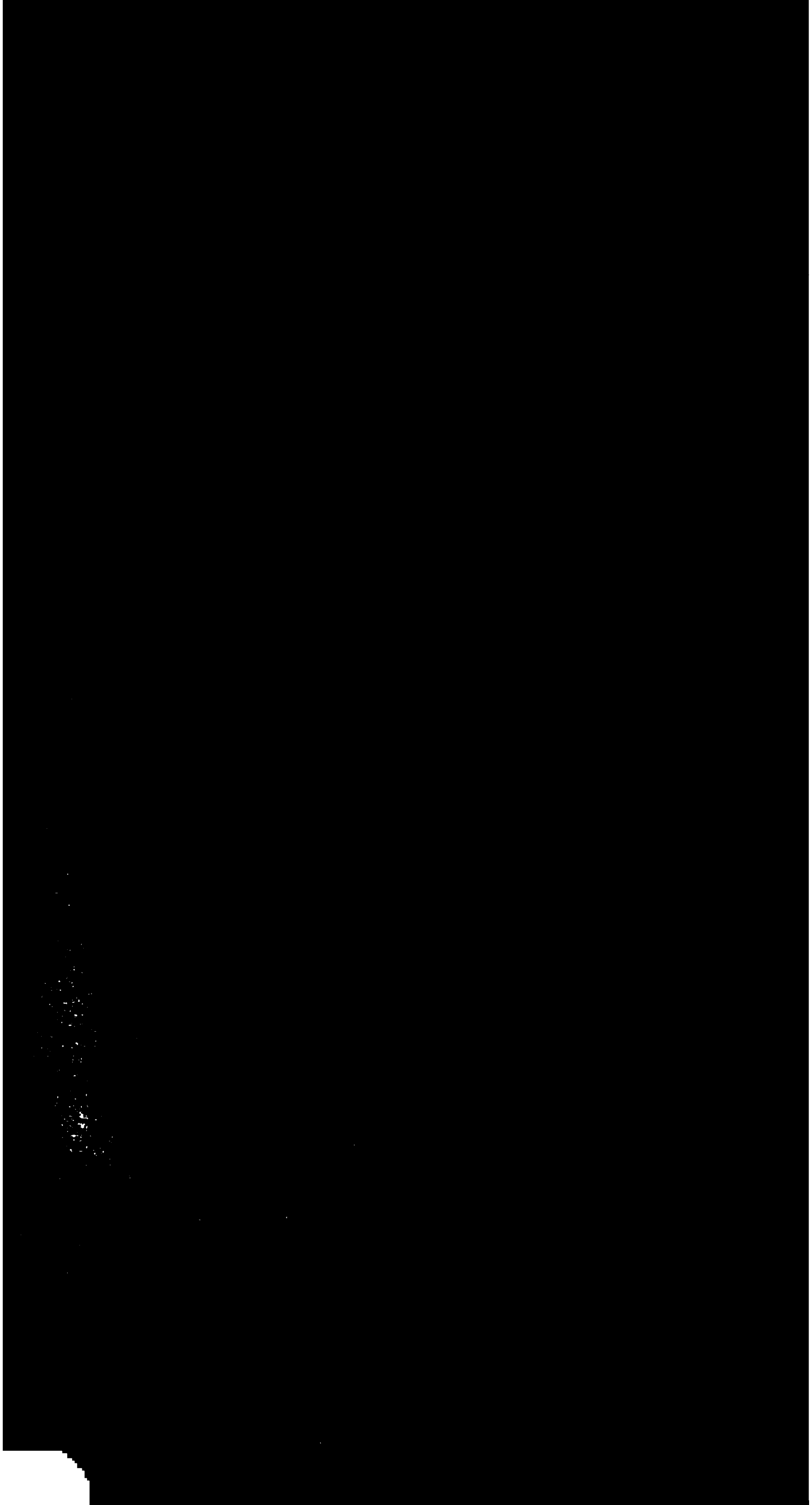
^c cast]—calculated, weighed.

^d dole]—distribution.

^e advis'd,]—sensible.

^f stiff-borne]—resolutely carried.

^g engaged]—partakers, interested in.



The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;
 Never so few, and never yet more need. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

A Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you ¹ giant ! what says the doctor to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water : but, for the party ^m that owed it, he might have more diseases than he ⁿ knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride ^o to gird at me : The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. ^p I was never mann'd with an agate 'till now : but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; ^q the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I

¹ *giant !]*—ironically.

^m *that owed it,]*—from whom it proceeded.

ⁿ *knew for.]*—could either account for, or cure.

^o *to gird at me ;]*—to have a fling at me.

^p *I was never mann'd with an agate 'till now :]*—master of one, with a man cut upon it, 'till I was presented with thee.

^q *the juvenal,]*—the youngster.

will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say; his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dombledon about the fatten for my short cloak, and ftops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! 'to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is "thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have "his own lanthorn to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

^a *a face-royal,*—requiring the razor as little, as that on the coin, called a *royal*, or *real*.

^a *Dombledon*]—*Double-done, Double-down*—from charging doubly—*Dumbleton*, the name of a town in Gloucestershire.

^a *to bear a gentleman in hand,*—to promise, to keep him in expectation.

^a *thorough with them in honest taking up,*—deep in their books, by taking up goods on credit.

^a *his own lanthorn*]—on his forehead.

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horic.

Fal. * I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Cb. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Cb. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Cb. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Cb. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

* *I bought him in Paul's*]—I picked him up in St. Paul's churchyard, then the resort for all idle people.—“Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade.” *Prov.*

Serv.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You ' hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Cb. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Cb. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Cb. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy,

Cb. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Cb. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

' hunt-counter,]—worthless cur; catchpole.

Cb. Just.

Cb. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Cb. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, ^a in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Cb. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Cb. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Cb. Just. Your means are very slender, and your ^a waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Cb. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am ^b the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Cb. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over

^a in respect of poverty;]—my inability to pay a fine.

^a waste great.]—

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 180. *Fal.*

^b the fellow]—the blind man.

your night's exploit at Gads-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord ?

Cb. Just. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Cb. Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. ' A wassel candle, my lord ; all tallow : but if I did say ' of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Cb. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Cb. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your ' ill angel is light ; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot ' tell : Virtue is of so little regard in these ' coffer-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd : ' Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Cb. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of

^a *A wassel candle,*]—a large, festival one.

^d *of wax,*]—that I wax.

^e *ill angel is light ;*]—(pun) *Cb. Just.* evil genius.—*Fal.* base coin.

^f *tell :*]—pass current.

^g *coffer-monger*]—mean, mechanical, wherein money is made the standard of merit.

^h *Pregnancy*]—of parts, acuteness.

age? Have you not a moist eye? ¹ a dry hand? a yellow check? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? ² your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Cb. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Cb. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any

¹ *a dry hand?*]—"It's dry, sir."

TWELFTH NIGHT, Vol. II. p. 480. *Mar.*

² *your wit single?*]—confined to *one* object, the promotion of riot and dissipation—*single*, or half-witted—your wit bears no proportion to your bulk.

moreland; and this to old mistress Urfula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to 'commodity. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

The Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Lord Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal) and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

'commodity.]—my advantage.

“Commodity, the bias of the world.”

KING JOHN, Vol. III. p. *Faulc.*

VOL. III.

Q q

Bard.

And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices ; or, at last, desist
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model ;
 Consent upon a sure foundation ;
 Question surveyers ; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men :
 Like one, that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his ' part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter'd tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
 The very utmost man of expectation ;
 I think, we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What ! is the king but five and twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us, no more ; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
 For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
 Are in three heads : one power against the French,
 And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
 Must take up us : So is the unfirm king
 In three divided ; and his coffers sound
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

' part-created cost]—unfinished edifice.



And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst !

Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[Exeunt.]

A C T I I. S C E N E I.

A Street in London.

Enter Hostess ; Phang, and his Boy, with her ; and Snare following.

Host. Master Phang, have you enter'd the action ?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your ' yeoman ? Is it a lusty yeoman ? will a' stand to't ?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare ?

Host. O lord, ay ; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare ; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day ! take heed of him ; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly ; he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out : he will foin like any devil ; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

' yeoman ?]—follower.

Qq 3

Host.

Hof. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my ^u vice;—

Hof. I am undone ^w by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the ^x lubbar's head in Lombard-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long ^y one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Page.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant ^z malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Phang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw ^a the quean in the kennel.

^u vice;]—grasp.

^w by his going;]—if he goes upon this expedition, and leaves my debt unpaid.

^x lubbar's;]—libbard's, leopard's.

^y loan, or sum for a poor desolate woman, a widow to risk.

^z malmsey]—red from drinking.

^a the quean]—the impudent vixen.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! — Murder, murder! O thou ^b honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou ^c honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; ^d a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Pbang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two, — Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Page. Away, ^e you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Chief Justice, attended.

Cb. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Cb. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York. — Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Cb. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: — but

^b *boney-suckle*] — homicidal.

^c *boney-seed*] — homicide.

^d *a man-queller, and a woman-queller, .]* — a man-slayer, a woman-slayer; the plague of both sexes.

^e *you scullion! &c.]* — you greasy, fusty, termagant strumpet.

I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like ^f the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride ^g the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Cb. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a ^h parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife ⁱ Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow ^k a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath

^f *the mare.*]—the Incubus, or night-mare.

^g *the mare,*]—a two-legg'd one, the gallows.

^h *parcel-gilt*]—partly gilt.

ⁱ *Keech,*]—a round lump of tallow.

^k *a mess*]—a small quantity.

distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Cb. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know, you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Cb. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo ¹ this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sawciness: if a man will make curt'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Cb. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer ^m in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Cb. Just. Now, master Gower; What news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

¹ *this sneap*—reprimand, rebuke,

^m *in the effect*—as it becomes,

Fal.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German^a hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and^o draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; ^p hook on, hook on. [To Bardolph.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, &c..

Cb. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Cb. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

^a *bunting*—*hunting-piece* in water-colours.

^o *draw*—*withdraw*.

^p *hook on, hook on.*—*stick close to her, and keep her in good humour.*

Fal.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Cb. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Cb. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Cb. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Cb. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Cb. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Cb. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *[Exeunt]*

S C E N E H.

Continues in London.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. 'Faith, it does me ; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer ?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got ; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name ? or to know thy face to-morrow ? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ; viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones ? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of ^a thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland : and God knows, whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom : but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault ; whereupon the world encreases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly ? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

^a thy low-countries]—thy vices.

^b and God knows, whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom : &c.]—whether thy bastards are christened.

Poins.

Poins. Go too; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps a road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am "a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

* *ostentation*]—outward shew.

* *accites*]—induces.

* *a proper fellow of my hands;*]—a handsome, well made fellow of my inches.

P. Henry.

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth ^z the martlemas your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow ^a this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight,*——Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is ^b as ready as a borrowed cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate ^c the honourable Roman in brevity:*—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at*

^z *the martlemas*]—the old fellow with young passions.

^a *this wen*]—this swollen excrescence.

^b *as ready as a borrowed cap;*]—as a smart retort furnished by a good memory. “I will cap that prover,” &c.

HENRY V. ACT III. S. 7. *Con.*

—*as a borrower's cap*—which must be ever at hand.

^c *the honourable Roman in brevity:*]—*Julius Caesar's veni, vidi, vici.*

idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. T'bine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old ^d frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. ^e Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What ^f pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

^d frank?]—sty.

^e Ephesians,]—topers.

^f pagan]—strumpet.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Fare ye well ; go.—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between saint Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull ? * a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice ? a low transformation ! that shall be mine : for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E I I I .

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more :
Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

* a heavenly.

Threw many a northward look to see his father
 Bring up his powers; but he did ^b long in vain.
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
 For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
 For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
 In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
 Did all the chivalry of England move
 To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant;
 For those that could speak low, and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
 O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
 (Second to none, unseconed by you)
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem ⁱ defensible:—so you left him:
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him; let them alone;
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

^b look,ⁱ defensible:—capable of furnishing strength.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. O, fly to Scotland,
'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves : So did your son ;
He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon ^k remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back :——
I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,
'Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.

S C E N E • I V.

London.

The Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there ? apple-Johns ? thou know'st, sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

^k remembrance]—the rosemary tree.

R r 2

2 Draw.

2 Draw. Mafs, thou fay'ft true : The prince once fet a difh of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more fir Johns : and, putting off his hat, faid, *I will now take my leave of thefe fix dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart ; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and fet them down : And fee if thou can'ft find out ¹ Sneak's noife ; miftrefs Tear-sheet would fain hear fome mufic. Difpatch :—The room where they fupp'd, is too hot ; they'll come in ftraight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and matter Pains anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons ; and fir John muft not know of it : Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. Then here will be ² old utis : It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll fee, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hoftefs and Doll Tear-sheet.

Hoft. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality : your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would defire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rofe : But, i'faith, you have drank too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous fearching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can fay,—What's this ? How do you now ?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Hoft. Why, that was well faid ; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes fir John.

¹ *Sneak's noife ;*]—band of freet muficians.

² *old utis :*]—rare, festive doings—from *bait*, an octave.

Enter

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan.—and was a wortby king: How now, mistress Doll?*

[Exit Drawer.

Host. Sick of ^a calm; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her ^o sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat ^p rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. ^q *Your brooches, pearls, and owches;* for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the ^r charg'd chambers bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as ^s rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. *[To Doll.*

^a *a calm* :]—qualm.

^o *sect* :]—fisterhood.

^p *rascals*,]—sorry deer.

^q *Your brooches, pearls, and owches* ;]—part of an old song—such splendid titles are here given to certain signals of the *French-disease*.

^r *charg'd chambers*]—pieces of ordnance; parts in a mine, where the powder is lodged.

^s *rheumatic as two dry toasts* ;]—splenetic, peevish, quarrelsome, as *two dry toasts*, which cannot meet but they grate one another.

guests you receive: *Receive*, says he, no swaggering companions.—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame^{*} cheater, he; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. *Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering by my troth; I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I; an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen

^{*} *cheater*,]—gambler.

^{*} *Cheater*,]—Escheator, an officer of the exchequer. “I will be
“ *cheater* to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me.”

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 181. *Fal.*

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. ' I'll see her damn'd first ;—To Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. ' Down ! down, dogs ! down, traitors ! Have we not Hiren here ?—

[*Clapping his hand on his sword.*]

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet ; it is very late : I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed ! Shall pack-horses,

And ' hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,

Compare with Cæsars, and with ' Cannibals,

And Trojan Greeks ? nay, rather damn them with

King Cerberus ; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys ?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words :

Bard. Be gone, good ancient : this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs ; give crowns like pins ;. Have we not Hiren here ?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year ! do you think, I would deny her ? I pray, be quiet.

' *I'll see her*]—This, with the following absurd passages, and indeed the greater part of *Pissel's* suttian, are furnished from scraps of old plays.

' *Down ! down, dogs ! down, traitors ! Have we not Hiren here ?*]—Dogs and scoundrels only are to be saluted in such terms ; but, by this trusty sword, I am a gentleman, and therefore not to be so treated, with impunity,

' *hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,*]—

“ Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,

“ What ! can you draw but twenty miles a day ?”

Address of *Tamburlane*, in the old play, to the captive princes that drew his chariot.

' *Cannibals,*]—Hannibals.

Pist.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly. [Re-enter Bard.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou swear'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whorson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: A villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,

Dol. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church.

' A villain!]—meaning *Pistol*.

Thou

Thou whorson little 'tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like 'a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good 'pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off 'candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides 'the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; 'and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

¹ *tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,*]—dainty one, such as was sold at that fair.

² *a death's head;*]—whose usual motto is "*memento mori.*"

³ *pantler,*]—overseer of the pantry.

⁴ *candles' ends for flap-dragons;*]—The bottoms of bottles are ludicrously call'd *snuffs*; and a *flap*, or *snap-dragon*, is a raisin in burning brandy, or any small combustible body, lighted, and put afloat in liquor. "thou art easier swallowed than a *flap-dragon.*"

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Vol. I. p. 591. *Cop.*

⁵ *the wild mare*]—on a broomstick.

⁶ *and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;*]—and never thwarts the prince's vein by reading him lectures on discretion.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off.

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll² claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kifs me, Doll.

P. Henry. ' Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanack to that ?

Poins. And, look, whether² the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables ; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. Nay, truly ; I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a² kirtle of ? I shall receive money on thursday : thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so : prove that ever I dress myself handsome 'till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ?—and art not thou Poins's brother ?

² *claw'd*]—by Doll.

¹ *Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction !*]—Lo ! a prodigy indeed.

² *the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables ;*]—the junction of three fiery signs in a trine aspect—*Bardolph*, whose face is a plain indication of extreme heat, be not courting, saying soft things to his master's cast off.

² *a kirtle.*]—a jacket.

P. Henry.

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world ; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him :—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal ;—none, Ned, none ;—no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us ? Is she of the wicked ? Is thine hostess here of the wicked ? Or is the boy of the wicked ? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable ; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—There is a good angel about him ; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,——

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul ! For the other,—I owe her money ; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not ; I think, thou art quit for that : Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so : What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent ?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What says your grace ?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door ? look to the door there, Francis.

* *malt-worms.*]—drunkards.

Enter

Enter Peto:

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and
we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking
ing at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen
captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah *[To the Page.]*—Fare-
well, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good
wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the unde-
server may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on.
Farewell, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I
will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:
—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. *[Exeunt Fal. and Bard.]*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these
twenty-nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest,
truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard.

Bard. [*witbin*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Palace.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them; Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the conopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
^d A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

^d *a watch-case, or a common larum bell?*]—as vigilant as a watchman,
or centinel.

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery^c clouds,
 ' That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest^e and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick, and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty !

K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords ?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why, then, good morrow to you. Well,
 my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, ^b distemper'd ;
 Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
 With good advice, and little medicine :——
 My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven ! that one might read the book of
 fate ;
 And see the revolution of the times

^a *sbrowds.*

^c *That, with the burly,*]—In such sort, that with the tumult.

^e *and the stillest.*

^b *distemper'd ;*]—recently infected, or not perfectly recovered.

Make mountains level, and the continent
 (Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
 Into the sea! and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone,
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,
 Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
 (You, ¹ cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To Warwick.*
 When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
 Though then, heaven knows, ² I had no such intent;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—

¹ *cousin Nevil,*]—*Shakspeare* is mistaken both in the name of the present *Earl*, and his being by, at the conversation referred to. The name of this *Earl* was *Beauchamp*, whose daughter, with whom the title descended, was married long after to *Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury*.

² *I had no such intent;*]—*Henry* had put in his claim, and been saluted king by his party, before this interview.

The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption :—so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :
 The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie entreasured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
 And, ¹ by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities ?
 Then let us meet them ^m like necessities :—
 And that same word even now cries out on us ;
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd :—Please it your grace,
 To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth,
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

¹ *by the necessary form of this,*]—by attending to the constant procedure of such revoltors.

like necessities :]—with that composure, which brave men display when danger appears inevitable.—*like necessity*—with its resistless violence.

^a A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land, [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow meeting Silence. Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c. behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by ^o the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, ^p a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and

^a *A certain instance,*]—certain intelligence.

^o *the rood*]—the cross.

^p *a black ouzel,*]—she is of a dark complexion.

little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele ' a Cotswold man, —you had not four such ' swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again : and, I may say to you, we knew where the ' bona-robas were ; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy ; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about foldiers ?

Sbal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break ' Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was ' a crack, not thus high : and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Sbal. Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. ' How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Sbal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Sbal. Dead !—See, see !—he drew a good bow ;—And dead !—he shot a fine shoot :—John of Gaunt lov'd him

' a Cotswold man,]—" — he was outrun on *Cotfale*."

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 170. *Slen.*

' swinge-bucklers,]—*swast-bucklers*, or *swastlers*, were braggarts, who made a clatter by striking their swords on their bucklers—rakes, roisters. " I have observed these three *swastlers*."

HENRY V. Act III. S. 2. *Boy.*

' bona-robas]—the courtezans.

' Skogan's head]—a famous jester of the 15th century.

' a crack,]—a stripling. " *A crack*, madam."

CORIOLANUS, Act I. S. 3. *Vir.*

' How a good yoke of bullocks]—were they prized, or sold, how went they.

well,

well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have^x clapp'd i'the clout at twelve score; and carry'd you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter Bardolpb and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of fir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, fir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, fir, commends him to you; my captain, fir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, fir; I knew him a good back-sword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a foldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, fir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accomodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, fir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I

^x *clapp'd i'the clout at twelve score;*]—hit the white mark at the distance of 240 yards.

^y *Thereafter as they be:*]—According to their quality.

will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word * of exceeding good command. Accommodated ; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated : or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Sbal. It is very just :—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand : By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow ;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Sbal. No, sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

Sbal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Sbal. Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so : Yea, marry, sir :—Ralph Mouldy :—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; Where is Mouldy ?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Sbal. What think you, sir John ? a good-limb'd fellow : young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

* of exceeding good command.]—very ready for one's purpose.

Fal.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Sbal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things; that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Sbal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under, he's like to be a cold soldier.

Sbal. Where's shadow?

Sbad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Sbad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Sbal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of^a shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Sbal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

^a *shadows*—names for which pay is received, though there are no such men.

Fal.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel ^b is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in ^c an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's taylor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's taylor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many ^d thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

^b *is built*]—hangs hollow, as if set upon pins.

^c *is an enemy's battle,*]—in an engagement.

^d *thousands:*]—of lice.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick ~~me~~ ^{blo} Bull-calf, 'till he roar again.

Bull. Oh! good my lord captain,——

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd? ^{is}

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. There is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She could never away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot chuse but be old;

old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Sbal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, fir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Sbal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, fir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, and Justices.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd, fir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, fir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, fir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have ^e forty, fir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.*]

^e *forty, fir.*]—forty shillings for my discharge also.—*four too, fir.*—*four Harry ten shillings of me too, fir.*

Fal.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Sbal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have ^f three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Sbal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Sbal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Sbal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, 'master Shallow, how to chuse a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big ^b assemblance of a man? give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he ⁱ that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me ^k a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, ⁱ traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:

^f *three pound*—sinking *one* for himself.

^g *till you are.*

^b *assemblage.*

ⁱ *that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.*—that hangs the buckets to the yoke.

^k *a caliver*—a fusée, a firelock.

^j *traverse*;—you handle it improperly.

—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald ^a shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Sbal. He is not ^a his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was a little ^p quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rab, tab, tab*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Sbal. Sir John, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Sbal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Shallow, and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On, Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*]
As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his

^a *shot*]—shooter.

^a *his craft's master*]—expert at his exercise.

^o (*when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*)]—When I lived, was a student at Clement's-inn, and was so young as to be unfit to act any higher part, than that of King Arthur's fool or squire, in an interlude performed by the members of that society.

^p *quiver*]—nimble, active.

youth, and the feats he hath done about ¹Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was ²so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were ³invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the ⁴over-scutcht huswives, that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his ⁵fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this ⁶vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he ⁷burst his head, for crouding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he ⁸beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble haut-boy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him ⁹a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exeunt.]

¹ *Turnbull-street*;]—a noted resort of whores and bullies.

² *so forlorn*,]—such a contemptible figure.

³ *invincible*,—unattainable, out of the reach of.

⁴ *over-scutcht huswives*,]—flogged, carted whores.

⁵ *fancies, or his good-nights*.]—]—light ditties, serenades.

⁶ *vice's dagger*]—of lath.

⁷ *burst*]—brake.

“ You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst*.”

TAMING OF THE SHREW, Vol. II. p. 273. *Hoff.*

⁸ *beat his own name*:]—a person so slender, as might well bear that name.

RICHARD II. Vol. III. p. 390. *Gaunt.*

⁹ *a philosopher's two stones to me*:]—as valuable as two of them.

A C T I V . S C E N E I .

*A Forest in Yorksbire.**Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.**York.* What is this forest call'd ?*Hast.* 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.*York.* Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.*Hast.* We have sent forth already.*York.* 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
 I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
 New-dated letters from Northumberland ;
 Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus :—
 Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
 As might hold fortance with his quality,
 The which he could not levy ; whereupon
 He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
 To Scotland : and concludes in hearty prayers,
 That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
 And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we had in him touch ground,
 And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.**Hast.* Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
 In goodly form comes on the enemy :
 And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
 Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ^a sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mow. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.

York. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, ^b guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by ^c a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the ^d silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose ^e white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—

^a *sway on,*]—march, bend our steps; alluding to the wavy figure of an army in motion.

^b *guarded with rage,*]—ill guarded, under the wild control of passion.

“ ————— Never anger

“ Made good guard for itself.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, ACT IV. 9. 1. *Mec.*

^c *a civil peace*]—the solemn bonds of.

^d *silver hand of peace hath touch'd;*]—peaceful age hath silver'd o'er.

^e *white investments*]—the rochet.

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to 'greaves, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
 Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician;
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
 By the rough torrent of occasion:
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience:
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person

¹ *greaves,*]—armour for the legs;—*graves*;—*glaires*—swords—quitting your studies for the pursuit of arms.

Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood) and the examples
^s Of every minute's instance, (present now)
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd ?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
 What peer has been suborn'd ^a to grate on you ?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And ¹ consecrate commotion's ^k bitter edge ?

York. ¹ My brother, general, the common-wealth,
 To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before ;
 And suffer the conditions of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours ?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
^m Construe the times to their necessities,

^s *Of every minute's instance,*]—Of executions occurring every minute.

^a *to grate on*]—to injure, annoy, oppress..

¹ *consecrate*]—alluding to the popish custom of consecrating the weapons, &c. to be used in croisades, or other service of the church.

^k *civil.*

¹ *My brother, general, the common-wealth ; &c.*]—The Lord Mowbray alledges public mismanagement as the source of his discontent ; my particular cause of quarrel arises from a domestic injury, my brother's murder—Lord Scroop's. HENRY IV. Part I. Vol. III. p. 485. *Wor.*

^m *Construe the times to their necessities,*]—When you censure the times, do but consider the present exigencies.

And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
 And not the king, that doth you injuries.
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the king, or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd
 To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
 That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?
 The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
 And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing courfers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through ° sights of steel,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
 Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not
 what :

The duke of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman ;
 Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
 But, if your father had been victor there,

^a *Their armed staves in charge,*]—Their lances fix'd in their proper rest, or posture for the encounter.

[°] *sights of steel,*]—the pierced part of their helmets, through which they directed their aim.

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And blest'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose,—
 Here come I from our princely general,
 To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience : and wherein
 It shall appear, that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you ' over-ween, to take it so ;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
 For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
 A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear, and absolutely to determine,
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is ' intended in the general's name ;
 I muse, you make so slight a question.

^B over-ween,]—are too arrogant.

^I intended—I muse, you make]—included—I am surprised you should ask.

York. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :—

Each several article herein redress'd ;

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are ' insinew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a ' true substantial form ;

And present execution of our wills

' To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ;

We come within " our awful banks again,

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,
In fight of both our " battles we may meet :

And either end in peace, which heaven so frame !

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit West.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains,

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,

' *insinew'd*]—embarked in.

' *true substantial form ;*]—a form of due validity.

' *To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ;*]—As far as they relate to ourselves, and to the tenour of these proposals.—*confign'd, confirm'd.*

" *our awful banks*]—the proper limits of allegiance,

" Thrust from the society of *awful* men."

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, Vol. I. p. 140. 3 *Out.*

" *battles*]—armies,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
* Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe † his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true :
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

* *Of dainty and such picking*—Of such trifling and insignificant—
Of picking out such dainty.

† *his tables*—ivory book of state.

Mowb. Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in heaven's name then set
forward.

Before, and greet his grace.

York. My lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and
others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster,
Westmoreland, officers, &c.*

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mow-
bray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here ^z an iron man,
Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death,
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,

^z *an iron man*, [—clad in armour.

In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
 It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God ?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
 To us, the ^a image and voice of heaven itself ;
 The very opener, and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have ^b taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace :
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time mis-order'd doth, ^c in common sense,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;

^a *imagin'd.*

^b *taken up,*]—levied, rais'd an army.

^c *in common sense,*]—from an apprehension of general danger.

If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
 And so, ^a success of mischief shall be born ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
 To found the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
 How far-forth you do like their articles ?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well :
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
 My lords, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
 Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love, and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
 This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
 I know, it will please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Captain.*]

York. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what pains
 I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
 You would drink freely : but my love to you
 Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

^a *success*]—a succession.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

York. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shout.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they
shout!

Mowb. This had been chearful, after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— [Exit *West.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let ' your trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit *Hastings.*

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties,

• our,

Re-

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

York. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

' Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the ² scatter'd stray ;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum. Excursions.*

S C E N E III,

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Falstaff, and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition are you ;
and of what place, I pray ?

¹ *Fondly*—Rashly.

² *Scatter'd stray*—the stragglers.

Cole,

Cole. I am a knight, fir ; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name ; a knight is your degree ; and your place, the dale : Colevile shall still be your name ; a traitor your degree ; and the dungeon your place,—^b a dale deep enough ; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you fir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, fir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, fir ? or shall I sweat for ye ? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death : therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are fir John Falstaff ; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine ; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.

Lan. ¹ The heat is past, follow no farther now ;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit West.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?

When every thing is ended, then you come :—

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a

^b a place.

¹ *The heat*]—of resentment.

bullet ?

bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour; taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the ^a hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ersbine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. A famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

^a *hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,*]—Julius Cæsar.

Fal.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves : but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[Exeunt some with Colevile.]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords ;
I hear, the king my father is fore sick :
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him ;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Glostershire : and, when you come to court, stand
' my good lord 'pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, ^a in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. *[Exit.]*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit ; 'twere better than
your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make
him laugh ;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.
There's never any of these demure boys come to any
proof : for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and
making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male
green-sickness ; and then, when they marry, they get
wenches : they are generally fools and cowards ;—which
some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good
sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends

¹ *my good lord*]—my friend.

^a *in my condition,*]—when, as general, I make my report of the
army's behaviour.

me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, ^a forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left ^o the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere ^p hoard of gold kept by a devil; 'till sack ^q commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

^a *forgetive,*]—inventive.

^o *the liver white and pale,*]—"Thou lilly-liver'd boy."

MACBETH, Act V. S. 2. *Macb.*

"For Bardolph—he is *white-liver'd*."

HENRY V. Act III S. 2. *Boy.*

^p *hoard of gold kept by a devil;*]—gold mines were thought to be guarded by evil spirits.

^q *commences it,*]—broaches it.

Enter

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already^{*} tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace at Westminster.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloster, &c.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is^{*} address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us, 'till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphry, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glo. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

^{*} *tempering between my finger and my thumb,*]—alluding to the old custom of *chasing* soft wax, to fit it for sealing. POEMS, p. 430.

^{*} *address'd,*]—prepared, ready.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

Glo. No, my good lord ; he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father ?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother ? He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas ; Thou haſt a better place in his affection, Than all thy brothers : cheriſh it, my boy ; And noble offices thou may'ſt effect Of mediation, after I am dead, Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren :— Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love ; Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace, By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will. For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd ; He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity : Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint ; ' As humorous as winter, and as ſudden As " flaws congealed in the ſpring of day. His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd :— Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth : But, being moody, give him line and ſcope ; 'Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground, Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, Thomas, And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends ; A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;

¹ *As humorous as winter,*]—As variable as the weather in a winter's day.

² *flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.*]—thin chryſtallizations, ſmall blades of ice appearing on the edge of water, ſoon formed, and as ſoon diſſolved.

“ that middle ſummer's ſpring.”

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Vol. II. p. 19. *Queen.*

That

That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of ^w suggestion,
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As ^x aconitum, or ^y rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his ^z affections fly
 Towards ^a fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:—
 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,

^w *suggestion*,]—malicious insinuations, aiming at your division.

^x *aconitum*]—wolf's bane.

^y *rash*]—easily inflammable.

^z *affections*]—inordinate desires.

^a *fronting peril and oppos'd decay*!]—desperate adventures, and assured destruction—alluding to a medal, with the figure of danger on the front, and ruin on the reverse.

Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
 But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers: and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. ^b 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her
 comb
 In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
 Added to that which I am to deliver!
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
 With every course, ^c in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in ^d the haunch of winter sings.
 The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall:
 As those that I am come to tell you of!

^b 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb in the dead carrion.]—
 The bee, having lodged her comb in a carcase, still stays by it; and
 he, that hath once taken pleasure in evil company, seldom forakes it.

^c in his particular.]—distinct detail.

^d the haunch]—the rear, the latter end.

The earl of Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news make
 me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
 O me ! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Sinks down.*]

Glo. Comfort, your majesty !

Cla. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.
 Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs :
 The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me ; for they do observe
 Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature :
 The seasons change their manners ; as the year
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

^c wrought the mure,]—worn the case.

^f fear]—affright.

^z Unfather'd heirs]—equivocal births, animals irregularly produced.

^b change their manners ;]—are inverted.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!—

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely ¹ biggen bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds ^m with safety. ⁿ By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden ^o rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
strength

¹ *biggen*—cap of the *Beguines*, an order of nuns.

^m *with safety.*—while it secures.

ⁿ *By his gates of breath*—Upon his lips.—“*This feather stirs.*”

KING LEAR, Act V. S. 3. *Lear.*

^o *rigol*—circle, the crown. *POEMS*, p. 569.

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts, and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, ' tolling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets ;
 " Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his ' engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 'Till his friend sickness hath ' determin'd me ?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry :—
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*]

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
 Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

' tolling]—taking toll, calling.

' engrossments]—accumulations.

' determin'd me ?]—brought me to my end.

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
 Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
 Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,
 Thou hast ' seal'd up my expectation :
 Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.
 What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself ;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :
 Only " compound me with forgotten dust ;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
 For now a time is come to mock at form,
 Harry the fifth is crown'd :—Up, vanity !
 Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness !
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
 England shall " double gild his treble guilt ;

¹ *seal'd up my expectation :*]—confirmed my suspicions.

² *compound*]—mix, blend. POEMS, p. 639.

³ *double gild his treble guilt ;*]—guilt formerly spelt *gilt*.

“ Have for the *gilt* of France (*O guilt indeed !*)”

HAMLET, Act V. S. 2. Chorus.

England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall * flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is ′ thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. Henry. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
[Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth) this prostrate and exterior bending !
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;
 And never live to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;*

* *flesh his tooth in every innocent.*]—satiates his lust on virgin innocence.

′ *thy care?*]—regular occupation, main pursuit.

Therefore,

*Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Others, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in ² med'cine potable :*
*But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let heaven for ever keep it from my head !
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !*

*K. Henry. O my son !
 Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head :
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 For all ³ the soil of the atchievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;*

² *med'cine potable :*]—such solution was thought to possess extraor-
 dinary virtues.

³ *the soil*]—the disgrace, the infamy.

And

And I had many living, to upbraid:
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
 Wounding ^b supposed peace: all these ^c bold fears,
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:—
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
^d Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes ^e the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
 So thou the garland wear'st ^f successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all ^g my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
 I cut ^h them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out ⁱ many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious liege,

^b *supposed*]—imaginary, which we hoped to have enjoyed.

^c *bold fears,*]—audacious causes of fear.

^d *Acting that argument;*]—Whose theme was incessant contention.

^e *the mode:*]—the case state of things—acquired.

^f *successively.*]—by order of succession, by descent.

^g *thy.*

^h *them off;*]—some of them.

ⁱ *many*]—many more.

You

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be :
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Warwick, &c.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son
 John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick !

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God !—even there my life must
 end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
 Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land :—
 But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's Seat in Glostershire.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. j By cock and pyc, fir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, fir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, ^k William Cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, fir, thus;—those ^l precepts cannot be serv'd: and, again, fir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, fir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it ^m be cast, and paid:—fir John, you shall not be excus'd.

j *By cock and pyc,*]—This adjuration is made up of a corruption of the Sacred Name, and a word denoting the table of the Roman formulary. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Vol. I. p. 177. Page.

^k *William cook*]—“*Dick Butcher, for the butcher.*”

HENRY VI. Part II. Act IV. S. 2. Cade.

^l *precepts*]—the warrants.

^m *be cast,*]—cast up, examined.

Davy.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Henley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the page.*] Come, sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bar-
dolph,

dolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Shallow, Bardolph, &c.*]
 ——— If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such ^a bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, ^a I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is ^b four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had ^c the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh 'till his face be 'like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.
 [*Exit Falstaff.*]

^a *bearded hermit's-staves*—with the heads of hermits cut upon them.

^b *I would humour his men, with the imputation*—I would pay his men the compliment.

^c *four terms, or two actions*—the time taken for the operation of two actions for debt.

^d *the ache in his shoulders!*—the cares of the world upon him.

^e *like a wet cloak ill laid up.*—full of wrinkles.

S C E N E II.

The Court, in London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Cb. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Cb. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Cb. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Cb. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloster, and Clarence, &c.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:—
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

Cb. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

Glo. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but 'our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

'our argument]—the present melancholy subject.

Lan.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Cb. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glo. O, my good lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the forrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Cb. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the 'impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that "I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.—
If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry.

Cb. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the " Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry:—Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,

* *impartial conduct of my soul;*]—*imperial conduct*—the predominancy of virtue o'er my mind, its absolute control.

" *I will beg a ragged and forestall'd remission.*]—meanly sue for a pardon, which the king may have already determined not to grant.

" *Turkish court;*]—where the new *Sultan* was wont to put his brethren to death.

That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me:—and you
 most; [To the *Cb. Just.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Cb. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! How might a prince of my great hopes
 forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 The immediate heir of England! Was this ^a easy?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Cb. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
 The image of his power lay then in me:
 And, in the administration of his law,
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,

^a *easy?*]—to be borne.

And

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
 ' To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :
 Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your ² workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and ^a propose a son :
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained ;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, so silencing your son :——
 After this cold consideration, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak ^b in your state,—
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

K. Henry. You are right, justice, and you weigh this
 well ;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may encrease,
 'Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son :
 And not less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.—*You did commit me :

¹ *To trip the course of law,*]—defeat the process of justice.

² *workings in a second body.*]—acts performed by your deputy.

^a *propose*]—imagine you had.

^b *in your state,*]—your regal capacity, dispassionately.

For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this ^c remembrance,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.——
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is ^d gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit ^e sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, 'till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with ^f the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;——

^c *remembrance,*]—admonition, advice.

^d *gone wild, &c.*]—my *wildness* is buried with him.

“ The breath no sooner left his father's body,

“ But that *his wildness*, mortified in him,

“ Seem'd to die too.”

HENRY V. ACT I. S. 1. *Cont.*

^e *sadly*]—now become sober.

^f *the state of floods,*]—the general assembly, where they appear in state; the main.

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the lord Chief Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will ^s accite,

As I before remember'd, all our state:

And (heaven ^b consigning to my good intents)

No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—

Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Shallow's Seat in Glostershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Sshal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of ¹ carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Sshal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy, spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Sshal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drank too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah! quoth-a,—

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year;

^s accite,]—cite, summons.

^b consigning]—concurring with.

¹ carraways,]—the name of an apple common in the West of England.

*When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there ;*

So merrily.—And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart !—Good master Silence,
I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give good master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ;—I'll be with you anon ;—most
sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit : * Pro-
face ! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But
you must bear ; The heart's all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph :—and my little sol-
dier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, ' my wife's as all ;
For women are shrews, both short and tall :
'Tis merry in hell, when beads wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.*

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of
this mettle.

Sil. Who I ? I have been merry twice and once, ere
now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of ^m leather coats for you.

[Setting them before Bardolph.

Shal. Davy,——

Davy. Your worship ?—I'll be with you straight.—A
cup of wine, sir ?

Sil. [Singing] *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto ⁿ the leman mine ;—
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

* *Proface !*]—Much good may it do you.

† *my wife's as all ;*]—like the rest of her sex.

‡ *leather coats*]—an apple, so called from the toughness of the rind.

§ *the leman mine ;*]—my sweetheart.

Fal.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry,—*Now comes in the sweet of the night.*

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Sbal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the page*]; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the 'cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,——

Sbal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in 'a pottle pot.

Sbal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

Sbal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have 'done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. [Singing] *Do me right, and dub me knight:*

'Samingo,—Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

[*Re-enter Davy.*]

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

* *cavaleroes*.]—the jolly fellows.

† *a pottle pot*.]—a two quart measure.

‡ *do me right*.]—pledged me fairly.

§ *Samingo*.]—*Domingo*, the burthen of the song.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, 'save you, sir!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows to no man good.—
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in
the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of
Barston.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this
world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let 'king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be "baffled?"

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Sbal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Sbal. Give me pardon, sir,—If, sir, you come with

Barson.

'king Cophetua']—A romance king of *Africa*, of whom *Pistol's* men-
tion of that country reminds *Falgaff*, who, to get at his news, accosts
Pistol in his own vein. "O base Assyrian," &c.

"baffled?"]—treated so contemptuously,

news

news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways ; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, fir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, ^w Bezonian ? speak, or die.

Sbal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth ? or fifth ?

Sbal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office !—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ; Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth : When Pistol lies, do this ; and ^x fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What ! is the old king dead ? .

Pist. ^y As nail in door : the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What ? I do bring good news ?

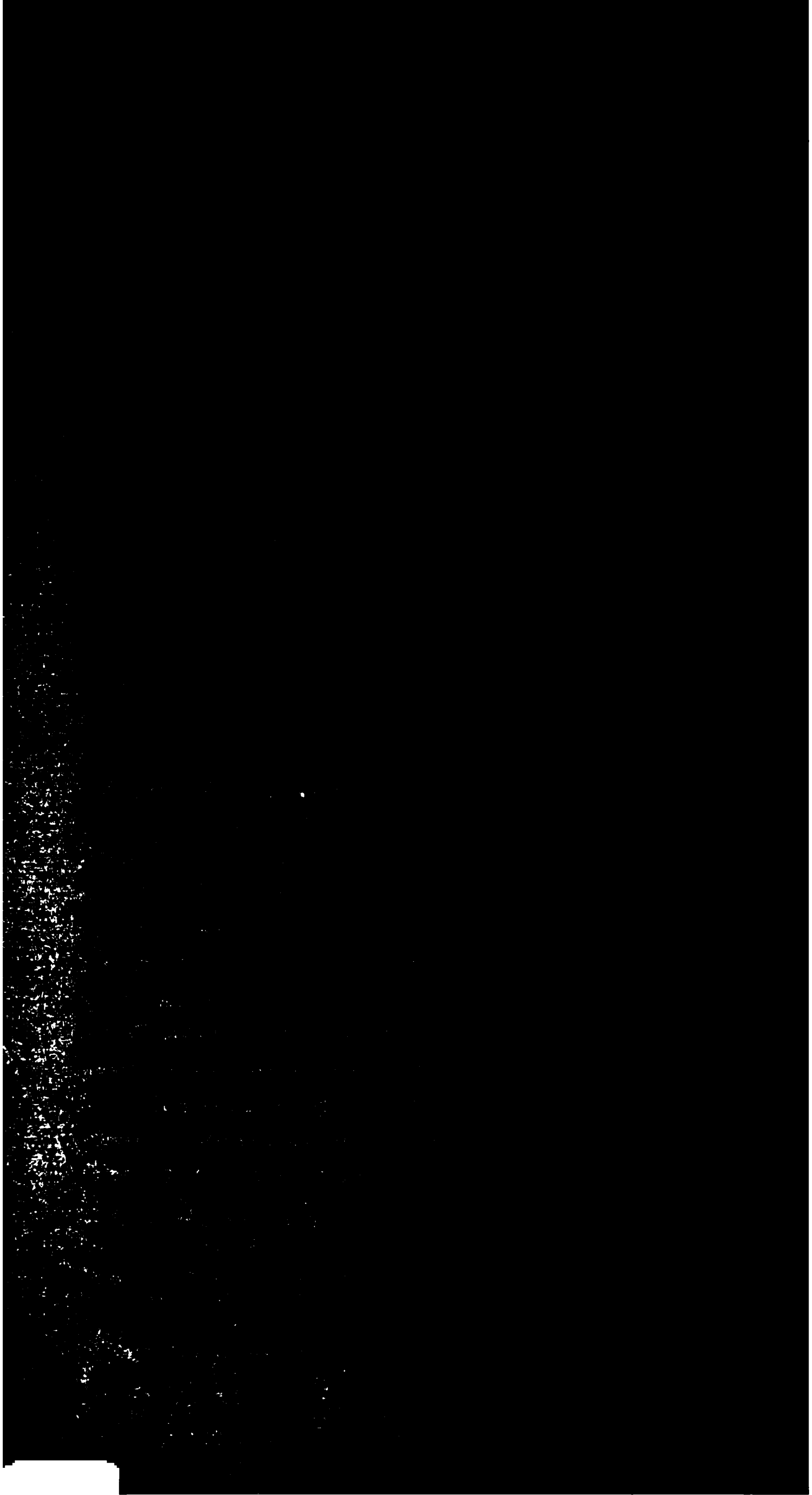
Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots ; we'll ride all night :—Oh, sweet Pistol ! —Away, Bardolph.—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow ; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief justice ! .

^w *Bezonian ?*]—base scoundrel.

^x *fig me, like the bragging Spaniard.*]—Insult me after the Spanish mode, by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger ; whence the phrase, “ *A fig for you.*”

^y *As nail in door :*]—the nail on which the knocker strikes in some old doors.

Pist.



bottle-rogue ! you filthy famish'd correctioner ! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear ' half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant ; come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might !

Well ; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come ; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay ; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death ! goodman bones !

Host. Thou ' atomy, thou !

Dol. Come, you thin thing ; come, you ' rascal !

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V .

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 *Groom.* ' More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation : Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. 'Bless thy lungs, good knight !

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

^a *half-kirtles.*]—bed-gowns, probably the dress of the courtezans of that time.

^e *atomy,*]—anatomy, skeleton.

^f *rascal!*]—lean deer.

^g *More rushes,*]—to strew the floor.

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
'Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you;
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [*Exit King, &c.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal.

Sbal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Sbal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter the Chief Justice, Prince John, &c.

Cb. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the fleet; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Cb. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.* [Exeunt.]

Manent Lancaster, and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent, his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd, 'till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Cb. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Cb. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords, and native fire, As far as France: I heard a bird so sing, Whose musick, in my thinking, pleas'd the king. Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt.]

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my ¹ court'sy: last, my speech.

My fear is, your displeasure; my curt'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

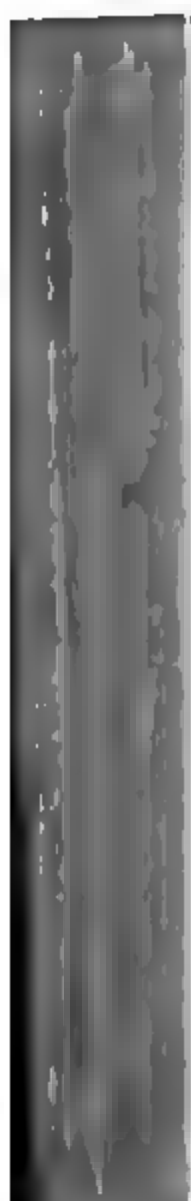
One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with ^m fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff

court'sy:]—reverence, compliment, bow; a man's salute as well as a woman's. ^m Fair Katharine of France:]—her broken English.

•*• *Upon the receipt of this Third Volume, such Encouragers of the Work as have already advanced the First Subscription-money, are requested to pay the Second; and such as have hitherto advanced neither, to pay both to the Editor, or into the hands of Messrs. Little, Bankers in Coventry; Troughton, Paternoster Row, London; Prince and Cooke, and C. S. Rann, Oxford; or Pearson and Rollason, Birmingham.*

ERRATUM TO VOL. II.

P. 456, Note ¹, read *don't* stand, &c.



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